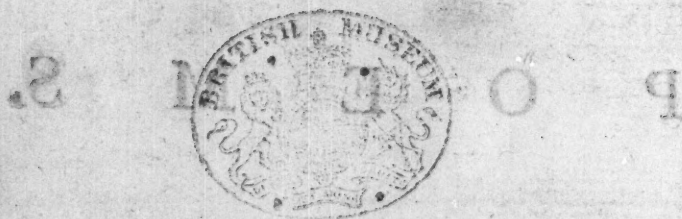


C A R E W ' s
P O E M S.

[Price Three Shillings and Six-pence.]

C A R E W S



[Three Pence Shilling and Six Pence]

P O E M S,
S O N G S,
A N D
S O N N E T S:
TOGETHER WITH A
M A S Q U E.

By THOMAS CAREW, Esq;
One of the Gentlemen of the Privy-Chamber, and
Sewer in Ordinary to King Charles I.

A N E W E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Ruffel Street,
Covent-Garden.

M DCC LXXII.

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M DC C LXXII.

22

THE
L I F E
O F
THOMAS CAREW, Esq.

A Short Character of his Writings.

THE Lives of Poets, seldom crouded
with adventure or checquered with
intrigue, are generally more amusing than
important, more agreeable than splendid.
The Poet, having no wish but for indolence,
no ambition but for ease, retires
with his Muse into the shades of life, and
wooes that Fame in silence which others
wake for in the cabinet, or toil for in the
field. To relate the various little incidents
which happen within the circle of a domestic
life; to recite those simple events which
usually

usually soothe or agitate passions that are otherwise unemployed ; or to mark the degrees of hope or fear, of pleasure or pain, which casually arise in a mind that is idle and vacant, and which leans on itself for happiness ; would be, indeed, but little amusing, and less instructive : It would be only a recital of human frailty and caprice, or a history of the follies of a heart at ease. The Biographer, therefore, must frequently content himself with that simple narration which every tomb tells you of its inhabitant—where he was born, how he lived, and when he died.—The Lives of Poets therefore are seldom tedious.

Thomas Carew, Esq. was descended of a very ancient and reputable family of the Carews in Devonshire, and was brother to Matthew Carew, a great Royalist, and who eminently distinguished himself in that cause in the time of the Rebellion. The æra of his birth is uncertain ; but he had his

THOMAS CAREW, Esq. v

his education at Oxford, in Corpus Christi College: And though it does not appear that he was matriculated as a member, or that he took a scholastic degree, the testimonies of the judicious and the learned concur in celebrating his Genius and his Manners. He acquired the character of a Gentleman and a Scholar very early in life. But the human mind is always improving; and as Carew increased in years, his Genius acquired new powers, and his Fame new splendour. He improved his natural abilities and education by travel into foreign nations; where, by a close attention to the manners of people and the customs of countries, he acquired many of their virtues, without losing any of his own. After his return to London, his wit and poetry introduced him into the politest circles, and he soon became the darling of his contemporaries and the pride of his friends. Wood, the celebrated Oxford Biographer, goes farther, and tells posterity, that "he was adored by the poets of his time," Without
trusting

trusting implicitly, however, to an author who perhaps has sometimes wrote what he wished might be true, we well know that his admirers were the first men of the age; that Montague, the Lord Abbot of Pontois, caressed him; that Donne, D'Avenant, and May, loved him; and that Johnson admired him. Suckling too admired him; and yet, in his Session of Poets, he says,

Tom Carew came next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a Laureat;
His Muse was hide-bound, and the issue of's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

Suckling knew otherwise: but we must remember, that the poet, when he wrote this, was writing a *Satire*.

Though the age of Charles was not celebrated for liberality to Genius, Carew's merit soon opened him a passage into the royal presence. He was made Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer in ordinary to the King, who esteemed him to the last,

THOMAS CAREW, Esq. vii

last, as one of the brightest wits in his Court. The elegance of his love-sonnets made them familiar to his Majesty and his nobles; they were sought after, read, and rehearsed; and by his Majesty's command were set to music, or (as Wood expresses it) wedded to the charming notes of Mr. Henry Lawes, who was gentleman of the King's Chapel, and at that time the greatest musical composer in England.

The Life of Carew had nothing remarkable in it to elevate it above his contemporaries. He possessed affluence, and consequently lived at ease; and after having enjoyed a life of freedom with his superiors, and of friendship with his equals, he died in the year 1639, in the flower of his age, admired, beloved, and regretted.

The characteristic of Carew's Poetry seems to be Elegance. He wrote like a Gentleman. He courted the Muses, as he
would

would his Mistress, with ease and freedom; He visited them as a friend, not as a dependant. Hence his poetry is always chaste, and his sentiments are always refined. His Muse, like a well-drest Beauty, is most brilliant, when she appears to be most negligent.

But the Reader must not expect all the Poems in this volume to tally with this character. This is not a collection of his select pieces, but of all his works; and surely, if Genius has her hours of inspiration, she must be allowed her hours of languor too.

It has been said that the MASQUE inserted in this volume was the production of Sir William Davenant. I cannot allow this; though it seems very probable that he, or some other person, had a share in it; for there is a quaintness, a singularity of expression affected though the whole prosaic
part

THOMAS CAREW, Esq. ix

part of it that seems foreign to Carew's manner. But the poetical parts, especially the Songs, are replete with that harmony of expression and sentiment that mark them to be the offspring of Carew's Muse. Indeed, the ease and correctness of his versification are admirable, when we consider the gloomy times in which he lived. The province in which he shines most brilliantly is that of Love; and he seems to have borrowed much of his softness and refinement from that gentle passion which he so well sung. His contemporaries thought nearly in this manner; and some of them have been known to talk in raptures of "the enchanting
"sweetness, the inimitable charms of his
"poetry." Sir William Davenant closes his elogy with the following stanzas.

Not that thy verses are so smooth and high
As glory, love, and wine from wit can raise:
But now the Devil take such destiny!
What should commend them turns to their
dispraise.

Thy

xxi. THE W L I F E S O F, &c.

Thy wit's chief virtue is become its vice;
 For every Beauty thou hast rais'd so high,
 That now coarſe faces carry ſuch a price,
 As muſt undo a lover that would buy.



His contemporaries thought nearly in this
 manner; and ſome of them have been known
 to talk in raptures of the enchanting
 "poetry," ſir William Davenant cloſes
 his elegy with the following lines.

Not that thy virtues are ſo ſmooth and high
 As glory, love, and wine, who can ſay
 I ſee now the ſpiritual ſuch activity
 POEMS,

THE

P O E M S.

The S P R I N G.

NOW that the winter's gone, the earth
hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no
more the frost

Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or chrystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow trees
The drowsy cuckow and the humble bee,
Now do a quire of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring,
The vallies, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Weicome the coming of the long'd-for May.

B

Now

Now all things smile ; only my love doth
low'r :

Nor hath the scalding noon-day-sun the pow'r
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields : and love no more is made
By the fire-side ; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season ; only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

To A. L.

PERSUASIONS to LOVE.

THINK not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
Y'are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning-star,
That you are so ; or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem :
For being so, you lose the pleasure
Of being fair, since that rich treasure

Of rare beauty and sweet feature
Was bestow'd on you by nature
To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a sin
There to be scarce, where she hath been
So prodigal of her best graces;
Thus common beauties and mean faces
Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
The sport you lose by being coy.
Did the thing for which I sue,
Only concern myself, not you;
Were men so fram'd as they alone
Reap'd all the pleasure, women none,
Then had you reason to be scant;
But 'twere a madness not to grant
That which affords (if you consent)
To you the giver, more content
Than me the beggar; oh then be
Kind to yourself, if not to me;
Starve not yourself, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun;

4 POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Most fleeting, when it is most dear;
 'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
 These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
 Whose every hair a fowl doth bind,
 Will change their auburn hue, and grow
 White, and cold as winter's snow.
 That eye which now is Cupid's nest
 Will prove his grave, and all the rest
 Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
 Nor lilly shall be found, nor rose;
 And what will then become of all
 These, whom now you servants call?
 Like swallows, when your summer's done
 They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
 Then wisely chuse one to your friend,
 Whose love may (when your beauties end)
 Remain still firm: be provident,
 And think before the summer's spent
 Of following winter; like the ant
 In plenty hoard for time of scant.
 Cull out amongst the multitude
 Of lovers, that seek to intrude
 Into your favour, one that may
 Love for an age, not for a day;
 One that will quench your youthful fires,
 And feed in age your hot desires.

For

For when the storms of Time have mov'd
Waves on that cheek which was belov'd;
When a fair lady's face is pin'd,
And yellow spread where red once shin'd;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lovers never:
And old folks say there are no pains
Like itch of love in aged veins.
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute:
For time and age will work that wrack
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flow'r:
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

L I P S A N D E Y E S.

IN Celia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautiful, her Lips or
Eyes:

We (said the Eyes) send forth those pointed
darts

Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.

From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed those blisses,
Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet
kisses.

Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did
pour

Of liquid oriental pearl a show'r.

Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and
pleasure,

Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly
treasure;

And bade Love judge, whether did add more
grace,

Weeping or smiling pearls in Celia's face.

A D I V I N E

A DIVINE MISTRESS.

IN Nature's pieces still I see
 Some error, that might mended be;
 Something my wish could still remove,
 Alter or add; but my fair Love
 Was fram'd by hands far more divine;
 For she hath every beauteous line;
 Yet I had been far happier
 Had Nature, that made me, made her;
 Then likeness might (that love creates)
 Have made her love what now she hates:
 Yet I confess I cannot spare
 From her just shape the smallest hair;
 Nor need I beg from all the store
 Of heaven for her one beauty more:
 She hath too much divinity for me:
 Ye Gods, teach her some more humanity!

S O N G.

A BEAUTIFUL MISTRESS.

IF when the sun at noon displays
 His brighter rays,
 Thou but appear,
 He then all pale with shame and fear,
 Quencheth his light,
 Hides his dark brow, flies from thy sight,
 And grows more dim,
 Compar'd to thee, than stars to him.
 If thou but shew thy face again,
 When darkness doth at midnight reign,
 The darkness flies, and light is hurl'd
 Round about the silent world:
 So as alike thou driv'st away
 Both light and darkness, night and day,

A CRUEL

A CRUEL MISTRESS.

WE read of kings, and gods, that kindly
took

A pitcher fill'd with water from the brook :
But I have daily tendred without thanks
Rivers of tears that overflow their banks.
A slaughter'd bull will appease angry Jove ;
A horse the sun, a lamb the god of love ;
But she disdains the spotless sacrifice
Of a pure heart, that at her altar lies.
Vesta is not displeased, if her chaste urn
Do with repaired fuel ever burn ;
But my Saint frowns, though to her honour'd
name

I consecrate a never-dying flame.
Th' Assyrian king did none i'th' furnace throw,
But those that to his image did not bow ;
With bended knees I daily worship her,
Yet she consumes her own idolater.
Of such a goddess no times leave record,
That burnt the temple where she was ador'd.

SONG.

S O N G.

MURDERING BEAUTY.

I'LL gaze no more on her bewitching face,
 Since ruin harbours there in every place :
 For my enchanted soul alike she drowns
 With calms and tempests of her smiles and frowns.
 I'll love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
 Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderers :

For if she dart (like lightning) thro' the air
 Her beams of wrath, she kills me with despair ;
 If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
 I surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

MY MISTRESS COMMANDING ME TO
 RETURN HER LETTERS.

SO grieves th' advent'rous merchant, when
 he throws
 All the long-toil'd-for treasure his ship stows
 Into the angry main, to save from wrack
 Himself and men ; as I grieve to give back

These

These letters : yet so powerful is your sway,
 As if you bid me die, I must obey.
 Go then, blest papers, you shall kiss those hands
 That gave you freedom, but hold me in bands;
 Which with a touch did give you life, but I,
 Because I may not touch those hands, must die.
 Methinks, as if they knew they should be sent
 Home to their native soil from banishment,
 I see them smile, like dying faints, that know
 They are to leave the earth, and tow'rd
 heav'n go.

When you return, pray tell your sovereign,
 And mine, I gave you courteous entertain;
 Each line receiv'd a tear, and then a kiss;
 First bath'd in that, it scap'd unscorch'd from
 this :

I kist it, because your hand had been there;
 But, 'cause it was not now, I shed a tear.
 Tell her no length of time nor change of air,
 No cruelty, disdain, absence, despair,
 No, nor her steadfast constancy can deter
 My vassal heart from ever hon'ring her.
 Tho' these be pow'rful arguments to prove
 I love in vain; yet I must ever love.
 Say, if she frown when you that word rehearse,
 Service in prose is oft call'd love in verse :

Then

Then pray her, since I fend back on my part
 Her papers, she will fend me back my heart.
 If she refuse, warn her to come before
 The God of Love, whom thus I will implore:
 Trav'ling thy country's road (great God) I spy'd
 By chance this lady, and walk'd by her side
 From place to place, fearing no violence,
 For I was well arm'd, and had made defence
 In former fights, 'gainst fiercer foes than she
 Did at our first encounter seem to be:
 But going farther, every step reveal'd
 Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
 Seeing those outward arms, I did begin
 To fear some greater strength was lodg'd within.
 Looking unto her mind, I might survey
 An host of beauties that in ambush lay;
 And won the day before they fought the field:
 For I, unable to resist, did yield.
 But the insulting tyrant so destroys
 My conquer'd mind, my ease, my peace, my joys;
 Breaks my sweet sleeps, invades my harmless rest,
 Robs me of all the treasure of my breast;
 Spares not my heart, nor yet a greater wrong;
 For having stol'n my heart, she binds my tongue.
 But at the last her melting eyes unseal'd
 My lips, enlarg'd my tongue, then I reveal'd
To

To her own ears the story of my harms,
Wrought by her virtues, and her beauty's
charms.

Now hear (just judge) an act of savageness :
When I complain, in hope to find redress,
She bends her angry brow, and from her eye
Shoots thousand darts. I then well hop'd to die ;
But in such sovereign balm love dips his shot,
That, tho' they wound a heart, they kill it not ;
She saw the blood gush forth from many a wound,
Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
Nor sought my cure, nor saw me since ; 'tis true,
Absence and time (two cunning leeches) drew
The flesh together, yet sure tho' the skin
Be clos'd without, the wound festers within.
Thus hath this cruel lady us'd a true
Servant and subject to herself, and you ;
Nor know I (great Love) if my life be lent
To shew thy mercy, or my punishment ;
If this inditement fright her, so as she
Seem willing to return my heart to me,
But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
'Mongst other trifling hearts, be out of the way)
If she repent, and would make me amends,
Bid her but send me hers, and we are friends.

SECRECY PROTESTED.

FEAR not (dear Love) that I'll reveal
 Those hours of pleasure we two steal;
 No eye shall see, nor yet the sun
 Descry, what thou and I have done;
 No ear shall hear our love, but we
 Silent as the night will be;
 The God of Love himself (whose dart
 Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
 Shall never know, that we can tell,
 What sweets in stol'n embraces dwell:
 This only means may find it out;
 If, when I die, physicians doubt
 What caus'd my death; and, there to view
 Of all their judgments which was true,
 Rip up my heart: O then I fear
 The world will see thy picture there.

A PRAYER

A PRAYER TO THE WIND.

GO, thou gentle whispering Wind,
 Bear th's sigh; and if thou find
 Where my cruel fair doth rest,
 Cast it in her snowy breast;
 So, inflam'd by my desire,
 It may set her heart a-fire:
 Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,
 Will reward thee for thy pain.
 Boldly light upon her lip,
 There suck odours, and thence skip
 To her bosom; lastly, fall
 Down, and wander over all;
 Range about those ivory hills
 From whose every part distils
 Amber dew; there spices grow,
 There pure streams of nectar flow:
 There perfume thyself, and bring
 All those sweets upon thy wing:
 As thou return'st, change by thy pow'r
 Every weed into a flow'r;
 Turn each thistle to a vine,
 Make the bramble eglantine;

For

For so rich a booty made,
 Do but this, and I am paid.
 Thou canst, with thy pow'rful blast,
 Heat apace, and cool as fast :
 Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
 And again destroy the same :
 Then, for pity, either stir
 Up the fire of love in her,
 That alike both flames may shine,
 Or else quite extinguish mine.

S O N G.

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain,
 The torrid, or the frozen zone
 Bring equal ease unto my pain ;
 The temperate affords me none :
 Either extreme, of love or hate,
 Is sweeter than a calm estate.
 Give me a storm ; if it be love,
 Like Danae in that golden shower,
 I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour

My

My vulture-hopes; and he's possess'd
Of heaven that's but from hell releas'd:
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

S O N G.*

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.

GAZE not on thy beauty's pride,
Tender maid, in the false tide
That from lovers eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithful chrystal show,
How thy colours come and go:
Beauty takes a foil from woe.

Love, that in those smooth streams lies
Under Pity's fair disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprize.

Nets of Passion's finest thread,
Snaring poems, will be spread,
All to catch thy maidenhead.

C Then

* We shall observe, once for all, that Elegance characterises all our Poet's Love Pieces. This Song, with the Persuasions to Love, p. 2, the Song in p. 19, the Verses in p. 24, and several other Poems which the judicious Reader will easily distinguish, are incontestible proofs of it.

Then beware; for those that cure
 Love's disease, themselves endure
 For reward a calenture.

Rather let the lover pine,
 Than his pale cheek should assign
 A perpetual blush to thine.

TO MY MISTRESS SITTING BY A
 RIVER'S SIDE.

A N E D D Y.

MARK how yon eddy steals away
 From the rude stream into the bay;
 There lock'd up safe, she doth divorce
 Her waters from the channel's course,
 And scorns the torrent that did bring
 Her headlong from her native spring.
 Now doth she with her new love play,
 Whilst he runs murmuring away.
 Mark how she courts the banks, whilst they
 As amorously their arms display,
 Tembrace and clip her silver waves:
 See how she strokes their sides, and craves

An

An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat she frowns, threatening to fly
Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim
Backward, but from the channel's brim
Smiling returns into the creek,
With thousand dimples on her cheek.

Be thou this eddy, and I'll make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
Secure repose, and never dream
Of the quite forsaken stream:
Let him to the wide ocean haste,
There lose his colour, name, and taste;
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
Within these arms for ever swim.

S O N G.

CONQUEST BY FLIGHT.

LADIES, fly from Love's smooth tale,
Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail;
Grief is infectious, and the air
Inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair:
Then stop your ears when lovers cry,
Lest yourself weep, when no soft eye

Shall with a forrowing tear repay
That pity which you cast away.

Young men, fly, when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts :
The fixt mark gives the shooter aim,
And ladies' looks have power to maim ;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a smile, or kifs, love lies ;
Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

S O N G.

TO MY INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

WHEN thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joys of love, shalt see
The full reward, and glorious fate,
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy.

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
That heart which thy false oaths did wound ;
And to my soul, a soul more pure
Than thine shall by love's hand be bound,
And both with equal glory crown'd.

Then

Then shalt thou weep, intreat, complain

To Love, as I did once to thee;

When all thy tears shall be as vain

As mine were then, for thou shalt be

Damn'd for thy false apostacy.

S O N G.

P E R S U A S I O N S T O E N J O Y.

IF the quick spirits in your eye

Now languish, and anon must die;

If ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry grace

Must fly from that forsaken face:

Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,

Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow

For ever, free from aged snow;

If those bright suns must know no shade,

Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;

Then fear not, Celia, to bestow

What still being gather'd still must grow.

Thus, either Time his sickle brings

In vain, or else in vain his wings.

A DEPOSITION FROM LOVE.

I Was foretold, your rebel sex
Nor love nor pity knew;
And with what scorn you use to vex

Poor hearts that humbly sue;
Yet I believ'd, to crown our pain,
Could we the fortrefs win,
The happy lover sure should gain

A paradise within:
I thought Love's plagues like dragons fate,
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
What happy lovers prove;
For I could kiss, and sport, and toy,
And taste those sweets of love,
Which, had they but a lasting state,
Or if in Celia's breast
The force of love might not abate,
Jove were too mean a guest.
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts, than did her scorn before.

Hard fate! to have been once posselt,
As victor, of a heart

At-

Atchiev'd with labour and unrest,
 And then forc'd to depart!
 If the stout foe will not resign
 When I besiege a town,
 I lose but what was never mine;
 But he that is cast down
 From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe,
 Only deposed kings can know.

INGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

K NOW, Celia (since thou art so proud),
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
 Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
 Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
 Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
 And with it impt * the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
 I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
 Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
 Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;

C 4

Then

* *This technical phrase is borrowed from Falconry. Falconers say, To IMP a feather in a hawk's wing, i. e. to add a new piece to an old stump.*

Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere,
 Lightning on him that fix'd thee there;
 Tempt me with such affrights no more,
 Lest what I made I uncreate:
 Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
 I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
 Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves through all her veils.

DISDAIN RETURNED!

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.
 But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,
 Kindle never-dying fires.
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.
 No tears, Celia, now shall win
 My resolv'd heart to return;
 I have

I have search'd thy soul within;
 And find nought but pride and scorn;
 I have learn'd thy arts, and now
 Can disdain as much as thou.

Some Pow'r, in my revenge, convey
 That love to her I cast away.

A LOOKING-GLASS.

THAT flattering glass, whose smooth face
 wears

Your shadow, which a sun appears,
 Was once a river of my tears.

About your cold heart they did make
 A circle, where the briny lake
 Congeal'd into a chrystal cake.

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
 For fear the native cruelty
 Doom you, as it doth all, to die;

For fear lest the fair object move
 Your froward heart to fall in love,
 Then you yourself my rival prove.

Look rather on my pale cheeks pin'd;
 There view your beauties; there you'll find
 A fair face, but a cruel mind.

Be

Be not for ever frozen, coy;
 One beam of love will soon destroy
 And melt that ice to floods of joy.

AN ELEGY ON THE LADY PEN. * SENT TO
 MY MISTRESS OUT OF FRANCE.

LET him, who from his tyrant mistress
 did

This day receive his cruel doom, forbid
 His eyes to weep that loss, and let him here
 Open those flood-gates to bedew this bier;
 So shall those drops, which else would be but
 brine,

Be turn'd to manna, falling on her shrine.
 Let him, who, banish'd far from her dear sight
 Whom his soul loves, doth in that absence write
 Or lines of passion, or some pow'rful charms,
 To vent his own grief, or unlock her arms,

Take

* *The time is too distant to trace out this Lady's name with any certainty; probably she belonged to the Pennington family, who were then well known.—Our Poet is not so successful in grave Elegy as in Love sonnets. Perhaps he was not so sincere in his Grief as in his Love. When the Fancy wanders after frivolous pointedness and epigrammatic conceit, it shews too well that the Heart is at ease,*

Take off his pen, and in sad verse bemoan
 This general sorrow, and forget his own :
 So may those verses live, which else must die ;
 For tho' the Muses give eternity,
 When they embalm with verse, yet she could
 give

Life unto that Muse by which others live.
 Oh pardon me (fair soul) that boldly have
 Dropt, tho' but one tear, on thy silent grave ;
 And writ on that earth, which such honour had
 To cloath that flesh wherein thyself was clad.
 And pardon me, sweet Saint, whom I adore,
 That I this tribute pay out of the store
 Of lines and tears, that's only due to thee ;
 Oh, do not think it new idolatry !
 Tho' you are only sovereign of this land,
 Yet universal losses may command
 A subsidy from every private eye,
 And press each pen to write, so to supply
 And feed the common grief : if this excuse
 Prevail not, take these tears to your own use,
 As shed for you ; for when I saw her die,
 I then did think on your mortality :
 For since nor virtue, wit, nor beauty, could
 Preserve from death's hand this their heav'nly
 mould,

Where

Where they were framed all, and where they
dwelt,

I then knew you must die too, and did melt
Into these tears: but thinking on that day,
And when the gods resolv'd to take away
A faint from us, I that did know what dearth
There was of such good souls upon the earth,
Began to fear lest Death, their officer,
Might have mistook, and taken thee for her;
So hadst thou robb'd us of that happiness
Which she in heaven, and I in thee possess.
But what can heaven to her glory add?
The praises she hath dead, living she had.
To say she's now an angel, is no more
Praise than she had, for she was one before.
Which of the faints can shew more votaries
Than she had here? E'en those that did despise
The angels, (and may her, now she is one)
Did, whilst she liv'd, with pure devotion
Adore, and worship her; her virtues had
All honour here, for this world was too bad
To hate or envy her; these cannot rise
So high, as to repine at deities:
But now she's 'mongst her fellow faints, they
may
Be good enough to envy her: this way

There's

There's loss i' th' change, 'twixt heav'n and
 earth, if she
 Should leave her servants here below, to be
 Hated of her competitors above;
 But sure her matchless goodness needs must move
 Those blest souls to admire her excellence;
 By this means only can her journey hence
 To heav'n prove gain, if as she was but here
 Worship'd by men, she be by angels there.
 But I must weep no more over this urn,
 My tears to their own channel must return;
 And having ended these sad obsequies,
 My Muse must back to her old exercise,
 To tell the story of my martyrdom.
 But oh! thou idol of my soul, become
 Once pitiful, that she may change her stile,
 Dry up her blubber'd eyes, and learn to smile:
 Rest then, blest soul; for as ghosts fly away,
 When the shrill cock proclaims the infant day;
 So must I hence—for lo, I see from far,
 The minions of the Muses coming are,
 Each of them bringing to her sacred hearse
 In either eye a tear, each hand a verse.

TO MY MISTRESS IN ABSENCE.

TH^{O'} I must live here, and by force
Of your command suffer divorce;
Tho' I am parted, yet my mind
(That's more myself) still stays behind;
I breathe in you, you keep my heart;
'Twas but a carcase that did part.
Then tho' our bodies are disjoin'd,
As things that are to place confin'd;
Yet let our boundless spirits meet,
And in Love's sphere each other greet;
There let us work a mystic wreath,
Unknown unto the world beneath;
There let our claspt loves sweetly twine;
There our secret thoughts unseen,
Like nets be weav'd and intertwin'd,
Wherewith we catch each other's mind:
There, whilst our souls do fit and kiss,
Tasting a sweet and subtle bliss
(Such as gross lovers cannot know,
Whose hands and lips meet here below;)
Let us look down; and mark what pain
Our absent bodies here sustain,

And

And smile to see how far away
 The one doth from the other stray;
 Yet burn, and languish with desire
 To join and quench their mutual fire.
 There let us joy, to see from far
 Our emulous flames at loving war,
 Whilst both with equal lustre shine,
 Mine bright as your's, your's bright as mine.
 There seated in those heavenly bowers,
 We'll cheat the lag and ling'ring hours,
 Making our bitter absence sweet,
 Till souls and bodies both may meet.

TO HER IN ABSENCE.

A S H I P.

TOST in a troubled sea of griefs, I float
 Far from the shore in a storm-beaten boat,
 Where my sad thoughts do (like the compass) show,
 The several points from which cross winds do blow.
 My heart doth, like the needle, touch'd with love,
 Still fix'd on you, point which way I would move.
 You

You are the bright pole-star which in the dark
Of this long absence guides my wand'ring
bark.

Love is the pilot, but o'ercome with fear
Of your displeasure, dares not homewards steer;
My fearful hope hangs on my trembling sail;
Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale;
Which pleasant breath must blow from your
sweet lip:

Bid it but move, and quick as thought, this ship
Into your arms, which are my port, will flie,
Where it for ever shall at anchor lie.

S O N G.

ETERNITY OF LOVE PROTESTED.

HOW ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retain

His heat, in spight of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire!

True love can never change his feat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.

That

That noble flame, which my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive

When my soul's fled;
Nor shall my love die when my body's dead;
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade.
My very ashes in their urn
Shall, like a hallow'd lamp, for ever burn.

UPON SOME ALTERATION IN MY MISTRESS,
AFTER MY DEPARTURE INTO FRANCE.

O H gentle Love, do not forsake the guide
Of my frail bark, on which the swelling
tide

Of ruthless pride

Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every side.
Gulphs of disdain do gape to overwhelm
This boat, nigh sunk with grief; whilst at the
helm

Despair commands,

And round about the shifting sands
Of faithless love and false inconstancy,

With rocks of cruelty,

Stops up my passage to the neighbour lands.

D

My

My sighs have rais'd those winds, whose fury
bears

My sails o'erboard, and in their place spreads
tears;

And from my tears
This sea is sprung, where nought but death
appears.

A misty cloud of anger hides the light
Of my fair star, and every where black night

Usurps the place

Of those bright rays, which once did grace
My forth-bound ship; but when it could no
more

Behold the vanish'd shore,
In the deep flood she drown'd her beamy face.

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.

WHEN you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,
Fainting with thirst, haste to the
springs;

Mark how at first with bended knee

He courts the chrysal Nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.

But

But when his sweaty face is drench'd
 In her cool waves, when from her sweet
 Bosom his burning thirst is quench'd;
 Then mark how with disdainful feet
 He kicks her banks, and from the place
 That thus refresh'd him, moves with fullen pace.
 So shalt thou be despis'd, fair Maid,
 When by the fated lover tasted;
 What first he did with tears invade,
 Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted;
 When all the virgin springs grow dry,
 When no streams shall be left, but in thine eye*.

CELIA BLEEDING.

TO THE SURGEON.

FOND man, that canst believe her blood
 Will from those purple channels flow,
 Or that the pure untainted flood
 Can any foul distemper know;
 Or that thy weak steel can incise
 The chrystal case wherein it lies:

D²

Know,

* This little poem is entirely worthy of Ca-
 rew's sense and elegance.

Know, her quick blood, proud of his feat,
 Runs dancing thro' her azure veins;
 Whose harmony no cold nor heat
 Disturbs, whose hue no tincture stains;
 And the hard rock wherein it dwells,
 The keenest darts of love repels.

But thou reply'ft, Behold she bleeds.
 Fool, thou'rt deceiv'd, and dost not know
 The myftic knot whence this proceeds,
 How lovers in each other grow;
 Thou ftruck'ft her arm, but 'twas my heart
 Shed all the blood, felt all the smart.

TO T. H.

A LADY RESEMBLING MY MISTRESS.

FAIR copy of my Celia's face,
 Twin of my foul, thy perfect grace
 Claims in my love an equal place.

Disdain not a divided heart;
 Though all be hers, you fhall have part:
 Love is not ty'd to rules of art.

For

For as my soul first to her flew,
Yet stay'd with me ; so now 'tis true
It dwells with her, though fled to you.

Then entertain this wand'ring guest,
And if not love, allow it rest;
It left not, but mistook, the nest.

Nor think my love or your fair eyes
Cheaper, 'cause from the sympathies
You hold with her, these flames arise.

To lead or brags, or some such bad
Metal, a prince's stamp may add
That value which it never had :

But to the pure refined ore,
The stamp of kings imparts no more
Worth, than the metal held before.

Only the image gives the rate
To subjects ; in a foreign state
'Tis priz'd as much for its own weight :

So tho' all other hearts resign
To your pure worth, yet you have mine,
Only because you are her coin.

D 3

To

TO SAXHAM.

THO frost and snow lock'd from mine
eyes

That beauty which without door lies,
The gardens, orchards, walks, that so
I might not all thy pleasures know;
Yet, Saxham, thou, within thy gate,
Art of thyself so delicate,
So full of native sweets, that blest
Thy roof with inward happiness;
As neither from, nor to thy store,
Winter takes aught, or Spring adds more.
The cold and frozen air had starv'd
Much poor, if not by thee preserv'd;
Whose prayers have made thy table blest
With plenty, far above the rest.
The season hardly did afford
Coarse cates unto thy neighbour's board,
Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky
Had only been thy volary *;
Or else the birds, fearing the snow
Might to another deluge grow,

The

* *A great Bird-Cage, in which the Birds
have room to fly up and down.*

The pheasant, partridge, and the lark,
 Flew to thy house, as to the ark.
 The willing ox of himself came
 Home to the slaughter, with the lamb,
 And every beast did thither bring
 Himself to be an offering.
 The scaly herd more pleasure took,
 Bath'd in thy dish, than in the brook.
 Water, earth, air, did all conspire
 To pay their tributes to thy fire;
 Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
 Thro' every room, where they deride
 The night, and cold abroad; whilst they,
 Like suns within, keep endless day.
 Those chearful beams send forth their light,
 To all that wander in the night,
 And seem to beckon from aloof
 The weary pilgrim to thy roof;
 Where, if refresh'd, he will away,
 He's fairly welcome; or, if stay,
 Far more, which he shall hearty find,
 Both from the master and the hind.
 The stranger's welcome each man there
 Stamp'd on his chearful brow doth wear;
 Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer,
 Grow less, 'cause he stays longer here.

There's none observes, much less repines,
 How often this man sups or dines.
 Thou hast no porter at the door
 To examine or keep back the poor;
 Nor locks nor bolts; thy gates have been
 Made only to let strangers in;
 Untaught to shut, they do not fear
 To stand wide open all the year;
 Careless who enters, for they know
 Thou never didst deserve a foe;
 And as for thieves, thy bounty's such,
 They cannot steal, thou giv'st so much.

UPON A RIBBAND.*

THIS filken wreath, which circles in
 mine arm,
 Is but an emblem of that mystic charm,
 Wherewith the magic of your beauties binds
 My captive soul, and round about it winds
 Fetters of lasting love: this hath entwin'd
 My flesh alone, that hath impal'd my mind:
 Time may wear out these soft, weak bands; but
 those
 Strong chains of brass fate shall not discompose.

This

* These Verses were presented to his Mistress.

This only relic may preserve my wrist,
 But my whole frame doth by that pow'r subsist:
 To that my prayers and sacrifice, to this
 I only pay a superstitious kiss:
 This but the idol, that's the Deity;
 Religion there is due, here ceremony.
 That I receive by faith, this but in trust;
 Here I *may* tender duty, there I *must*:
 This order as a layman I may bear,
 But I become Love's priest when that I wear.
 This moves like air, that as the center stands;
 That knot your virtue ty'd, this but your
 hands:
 That nature fram'd, but this was made by art;
 This makes my arm your prisoner, that my
 heart.

TO THE KING, AT HIS ENTRANCE INTO
SAXHAM.

BY MASTER JO. CROFTS.

SIR,

ERE you pass this threshold, stay,
 And give your creature leave to pay
 Those pious rites which unto you,
 As to our household gods, are due.

Instead

Instead of sacrifice, each breast
Is like a flaming altar drest
With zealous fires; which, from pure hearts,
Love mix'd with loyalty imparts.

Incense nor gold have we, yet bring
As rich and sweet an offering;
And such as doth both these express,
Which is, our humble thankfulness:
By which is paid the all we owe
To gods above, or men below.
The slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed
The hungry flames, we, for pure need,
Dress for your supper; and the gore,
Which should be dash'd on every door,
We change into the lusty blood
Of youthful vines, of which a flood
Shall sprightly run thro' all your veins,
First to your health, then your fair train's.
We shall want nothing but good fare
To shew your welcome, and our care;
Such rarities that come from far,
From poor men's houses banish'd are;
Yet we'll express, in homely cheer,
How glad we are to see you here.
We'll have whate'er the season yields,
Out of the neighbouring woods and fields;

For

For all the dainties of your board:
Will only be what those afford;
And, having supp'd, we may perchance
Present you with a country dance.

Thus much your servants, that bear sway
Here in your absence, bade me say;
And beg, besides, you'd hither bring
Only the mercy of a king,
And not the greatness; since they have
A thousand faults must pardon crave;
But nothing that is fit to wait
Upon the glory of your state.
Yet your gracious favour will,
They hope, as heretofore, shine still
On their endeavours; for they swore,
Should Jove descend, they could no more.

UPON THE SICKNESS OF E. S.

MUST she then languish, and we sorrow
thus,
And no kind god help her, nor pity us?
Is Justice fled from heaven? Can that permit
A foul deformed ravisher to sit

Upon

Upon her virgin cheek, and pull from thence
 The rose-buds in their maiden excellence?
 To spread cold paleness on her lips, and chase
 The frighted rubies from their native place?
 To lick up with his searching flames a flood
 Of dissolv'd coral, flowing in her blood;
 And with the damps of his infectious breath,
 Print on her brow moist characters of death?
 Must the clear light, 'gainst course of nature,
 cease

In her fair eyes, and yet the flames increase?
 Must fevers shake this goodly tree, and all
 That ripen'd fruit from the fair branches fall,
 Which princes have desired to taste? Must she
 Who hath preserv'd her spotless chastity
 From all solicitation, now at last
 By agues and diseases be embrac'd?
 Forbid it, holy Dian! else who shall
 Pay vows, or let one grain of incense fall
 On thy neglected altars, if thou blest
 No better this thy zealous votarefs?
 Hasten then, O maiden goddess, to her aid;
 Let on thy quiver her pale cheek be laid,
 And rock her fainting body in thine arms;
 Then let the God of Music with still charms

Her

Her restless eyes in peaceful slumbers close,
 And with soft strains sweeten her calm repose.
 Cupid, descend, and, whilst Apollo sings,
 Fanning the cool air with thy panting wings,
 Ever supply her with refreshing wind.
 Let thy fair mother with her tresses bind
 Her labouring temples, with whose balmy
 sweat
 She shall perfume her hairy coronet,
 Whose precious drops shall, upon every fold,
 Hang like rich pearls about a wreath of gold:
 Her looser locks, as they unbraided lie,
 Shall spread themselves into a canopy,
 Under whose shadow let her rest secure
 From chilling cold, or burning calenture;
 Unless she freeze with ice of chaste desires,
 Only holy Hymen kindle nuptial fires.
 And when at last Death comes to pierce her
 heart,
 Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

A NEW YEAR'S SACRIFICE.

TO LUCINDA.

THOSE that can give, open their hands
this day ;

Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray ;
That health may crown the seasons of this year,
And mirth dance round the circle ; that no tear
(Unless of joy) may with its briny dew
Discolour on your cheek the rosy hue ;
That no access of years presume t' abate
Your beauty's ever-flourishing estate :
Such cheap and vulgar wishse I could lay,
As trivial offerings, at your feet this day ;
But that it were apostacy in me
To send a prayer to any deity
But your divine self, who have power to give
Those blessings unto others, such as live
Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
Whose fair aspects govern our destinies.

Such incense, vows, and holy rites, as were
To the involved serpent * of the year

Paid

* *The Egyptians, in their Hieroglyphics, represented the year by a Serpent rolled in a circular*

Paid by Egyptian priests, lay I before
 Lucinda's sacred shrine; whilst I adore
 Her beauteous eyes, and her pure altars dress
 With gums and spice of humble thankfulness.

So may my goddess from her heaven inspire
 My frozen bosom with a Delphic fire;
 And then the world shall, by that glorious flame,
 Behold the blaze of thy immortal name!

S O N G.

TO ONE WHO, WHEN I PRAISED MY MIS-
 TRESS'S BEAUTY, SAID I WAS BLIND.

WONDER not though I am blind,
 For you must be
 Dark in your eyes, or in your mind;
 If, when you see
 Her face, you prove not blind like me:

If
*ocular form, biting his tail, which they after-
 wards worshipped; to which the Poet here
 alludes. This was the famous Serpent which
 Claudian describes:*

Perpetuumq; virens squamis, caudamq; reducto
 Ore vorans, tacito religens exordia morfu.

If the pow'rful beams that fly
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lie
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart,
Then you'll confefs your mortal fight
Too weak for fuch a glorious light :
For if her graces you difcover,
You grow like me a dazzled Lover ;
But if thofe beauties you not fpy,
Then are you blinder far than I.

S O N G.

TO MY MISTRESS, I BURNING IN LOVE.

I Burn, and cruel you, in vain,
Hope to quench me with disdain;
If from your eyes those sparkles came
That have kindled all this flame,
What boots it me, tho' now you shrowd
Those fierce comets in a cloud,
Since all the flames that I have felt,
Could your snow yet never melt?
Nor can your snow (tho' you should take
Alps into your bosom) flake

The

The heat of my enamour'd heart;

But with wonder learn Love's art.

No seas of ice can cool desire;

Equal flames must quench Love's fire:

Then think not that my heat can die,

Till you burn as well as I.

S O N G.

TO HER AGAIN, SHE BURNING IN A FEVER.

NOW she burns as well as I,

Yet my heat can never die;

She burns that never knew desire,

She that was ice, she that was fire.

She, whose cold heart chaste thoughts did arm

So, as Love's could never warm

The frozen bosom where it dwelt;

She burns, and all her beauties melt:

She burns, and crys, Love's fires are mild;

Fev'rs are Gods, but he's a child.

Love, let her know the difference

'Twixt the heat of soul and sense;

Touch her with thy flames divine,

So shalt thou quench her fire and mine.

UPON THE KING'S * SICKNESS.

SICKNESS, the minister of death, doth
 lay
 So strong a siege against our brittle clay,
 As, whilst it doth our weak forts singly win,
 It hopes at length to take all mankind in.
 First, it begins upon the womb to wait,
 And doth the unborn child there uncreate;
 Then rocks the cradle where the infant lies,
 Where, ere it fully be alive, it dies.
 It never leaves fond youth, until it have
 Found or an early, or a latter grave.
 By thousand subtle flights from heedless man
 It cuts the short allowance of a span;
 And where both sober life and art combine,
 To keep it out, age makes them both resign.
 Thus, by degrees, it only gain'd of late
 The weak, the aged, or intemperate;
 But now the tyrant hath found out a way
 By which the sober, strong, and young, decay;
 Ent'ring his royal limbs, that is our head,
 Thro' us, his mystic limbs, the pain is spread.
 That man that doth not feel his part, hath none
 In any part of his dominion;

If

* Charles I.

If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
 And he unfit on any ground to tread.
 This grief is felt at court, where it doth move
 Thro' every joint, like the true soul of Love.
 All those fair stars that do attend on him,
 Whence they derive their light, wax pale and
 dim:
 That ruddy morning-beam of majesty,
 Which should the sun's eclipsed light supply,
 Is overcast with mists, and in the lieu
 Of chearful rays, sends us down drops of dew.
 That curious form made of an earth refin'd,
 At whose blest birth the gentle planets shin'd
 With fair aspects, and sent a glorious flame
 To animate so beautiful a frame;
 That darling of the gods and men doth wear
 A cloud on's brow, and in his eye a tear:
 And all the rest (save when his dread command
 Doth bid them move) like lifeless statues stand.
 So full of grief, so generally worn,
 Shews a good king is sick, and good men mourn.

S O N G.

TO A LADY NOT YET ENJOY'D BY HER
HUSBAND.

COME, Celia, fix thine eyes on mine,
And thro' those crytals, our souls
flitting,

Shall a pure wreath of eye-beams twine,

Our loving hearts together knitting.

Let eaglets the bright sun-survey,

Tho' the blind mole discern not day.

When clear Aurora leaves her mate,

The light of her grey eyes despising,

Yet all the world doth celebrate

With sacrifice her fair uprising.

Let eaglets, &c.

A Dragon kept the golden fruit,

Yet he those dainties never tasted;

As others pin'd in the pursuit,

So he himself with plenty wasted.

Let eaglets, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE WILLING PRISONER TO HIS
MISTRESS.

LET fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better;
Whilst, proud of my triumphant chain,
I sit and court my beauteous fetter,
Her murdering glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
As *he* † brings ruin, *that* repairs
The sweet afflictions that diseased me.
Hide not those panting balls of snow
With envious veils from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.
And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds themselves have made, discover.

† *Cupid.*

A FLY THAT FLEW INTO MY MISTRESS'S
EYE.

WHEN this fly liv'd, she us'd to play
In the sunshine all the day;
'Till coming near my Celia's sight,
She found a new and unknown light,
So full of glory, as it made
The noon-day sun a gloomy shade;
Then this amorous fly became
My rival, and did court my flame.
She did from hand to bosom skip,
And from her breath, her cheek, and lip,
Suck'd all the incense, and the spice,
And grew a bird of paradise:
At last into her eye she flew,
There scorch'd in flames, and drown'd in dew,
Like Phaeton from the sun's sphere,
She fell, and with her dropp'd a tear;
Of which a pearl was straight compos'd,
Wherein her ashes lie enclos'd.
Thus she receiv'd from Celia's eye,
Funeral flame, tomb obsequy.

S O N G.

S O N G.

CELIA SINGING.

HARK how my Celia, with the choice
 Music of her hand and voice
 Stills the loud wind ; and makes the wild
 Incens'd boar and panther mild !
 Mark how those statues like men move,
 Whilst men with wonder statues prove !
 The stiff rock bends to worship her,
 That idol turns idolater.

Now see how all the new inspir'd
 Images with love are fir'd !
 Hark how the tender marble groans,
 And all the late transformed stones
 Court the fair nymph with many a tear,
 Which she (more stony than they were)
 Beholds with unrelenting mind ;
 Whilst they, amaz'd to see combin'd
 Such matchless beauty with disdain,
 Are all turn'd into stones again.

S O N G.

CELIA SINGING.

YOU that think Love can convey,
 No other way
 But thro' the eyes, into the heart
 His fatal dart,
 Close up those casements, and but hear
 This Syren singing,
 And on the wing
 Of her sweet voice, it shall appear
 That Love can enter at the ear:
 Then unveil your eyes, behold
 The curious mould
 Where that voice dwells; and as we know,
 When the cocks crow,
 We freely may
 Gaze on the day;
 So may you, when the music's done,
 Awake, and see the rising sun.

TO ONE THAT DESIRED TO KNOW MY
MISTRESS.

SEEK not to know my Love, for she
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me;
Her mild aspects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a stormy brow:
For, if her beauty stir desire
In me, her kisses quench the fire;
Or, I can to Love's fountain go,
Or dwell upon her hills of snow:
But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
One gentle breath to cool the air;
Thou shalt not climb those Alps, nor spy
Where the sweet springs of Venus lie.
Search hidden Nature, and there find
A treasure to enrich thy mind;
Discover arts not yet reveal'd,
But let my Mistress live conceal'd;
Tho' men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY, TO HER IN-
CONSTANT SERVANT.

WHEN on the altar of my hand
(Bedew'd with many a kiss, and
tear)
Thy new-revolted heart did stand
An humble martyr, thou didst swear
Thus, (and the God of Love did hear,)
By those bright glances of thine eye,
Unless thou pity me, I dye.

When first those perjur'd lips of thine,
Bepal'd with blasting sighs, did seal
Their violated faith on mine,
From the soft bosom that did heal
Thee, thou my melting heart didst steal;
My soul, enflam'd with thy false breath,
Poison'd with kisses, suck'd in death.

Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
Revenge or mercy to procure
From the offended God of Love;
My curse is fatal, and my pure
Love shall beyond thy scorn endure;

If

If I implore the gods, they'll find
Thee too ingrateful, me too kind.

TRUCE IN LOVE ENTREATED.

NO more, blind God ! for see, my heart
Is made thy quiver, where remains
No void place for another dart ;
And, alas ! that conquest gains
Small praise, that only brings away
A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all arm'd,
Defies thy weak artillery,
That hath thy bow and quiver charm'd,
A rebel beauty, conquering thee :
If thou dar'st equal combat try,
Wound her, for 'tis for her I die.

TO MY RIVAL.

HENCE, vain intruder ! haste away,
Wash not with thy unhallowed brine
The footsteps of my Celia's shrine ;

Nor

Nor on her purer altars lay
 Thy empty words, accents that may
 Some looser dame to love incline :
 She must have offerings more divine ;

Such pearly drops, as youthful May
 Scatters before the rising day ;

Such smooth soft language, as each line
 Might stroake * an angry god, or stay
 Jove's thunder, make the hearers pine

With envy : Do this, thou shalt be
 Servant to her, rival with me.

BOLDNESS IN LOVE.

MARK how the bashful morn in vain
 Courts the amorous marigold
 With fighting blasts and weeping rain ;
 Yet she refuses to unfold :

But when the planet of the day
 Approacheth with his powerful ray,

Then

* *An ancient phrase for pacify!*

Then she spreads, then she receives
 His warmer beams into her virgin leaves*.
 So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy ;
 If thy tears and sighs discover
 Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
 The just reward of a bold lover :
 But when with moving accents thou
 Shalt constant faith and service vow,
 Thy Celia shall receive those charms
 With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

** A modern Poet seems to have availed himself of this beautiful Passage, and made a very happy use of it. See the Fables of Flora, lately published, Fab. I.—We may observe here, that many, very many of the most beautiful Passages which are found in the Poems of this age, have been borrowed from the neglected Bards of the 16th and 17th Centuries.*

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE*.

CELIA. CLEON.

AS Celia rested in the shade,
With Cleon by her side,
The swain thus courted the young Maid,
And thus the Nymph reply'd.

CLEON.

Sweet! let thy captive fetters wear
Made of thine arms and hands;
Till such as thralldom scorn or fear,
Envy those happy bands.

* That the Reader may not be surpris'd at our Author's having entitl'd this piece a Pastoral Dialogue, in which we do not find even the most distant allusion drawn from pastoral Life; it may be necessary to inform him, that it was a prevailing Custom in our Author's time, to stile almost every poetical Dialogue of which Love was the subject, pastoral. Most of the Wits of Charles's Court left Propriety to be studied by the following Age.

CELIA.

CELIA.

Then thus my willing arms I wind
About thee, and am so
Thy pris'ner ; for myself I bind,
Until I let thee go.

CLEON.

Happy that slave, whom the fair foe
Ties in so soft a Chain !

CEL. Far happier I, but that I know
Thou wilt break loose again.

CLEON.

By thy immortal Beauties, never.

CEL. Frail as thy love's thine oath.

CL. Though beauty fade, my faith lasts ever.

CEL. Time will destroy them both.

CLEON.

I doat not on thy snow-white skin.

CEL. What then ? CL. Thy purer mind.

CEL. It lov'd too soon. CL. Thou hadst
not been

So fair, if not so kind.

CELIA:

CELIA.

Oh strange, vain fancy ! CL. But yet true.

CEL. Prove it. CL. Then make a braid
Of those loose flames that circle you,
My Suns, and yet your shade *.

CELIA.

'Tis done. CL. Now give it me. CEL.

Thus thou
Shalt thine own error find,
If these were beauties, I am now
Less fair, because more kind.

CLEON.

You shall confess you err ; that hair,
Shall it not change the hue,
Or leave the golden mountain bare ?
CEL. Ah me ! it is too true.

CLEON.

* There is an Obscurity in these and the following Lines which gives to the whole the air of a Riddle. All that the Poet means, however, in this and the four following Stanzas is, that the Lock of Hair with which his Mistress had favoured him, would retain its beauty, preserved in a Ring or Locket, for a long series of Years ; while those tresses which adorned her head would soon feel the ravages of Time, would change their colour, or fall entirely off.

CLEON.

But this small wreath shall ever stay

In its first native prime ;
And, smiling when the rest decay,
The triumphs sing of Time.

Then let me cut from thy fair grove

One branch, and let that be
An emblem of eternal love ;
For such is mine to thee.

CELIA.

Thus are we both redeem'd from time,

I by thy grace. CL. And I
Shall live in thy immortal rhyme,
Until the Muses die.

By heaven—CEL. Swear not ; if I must weep,

Jove shall not smile at me.
This kiss, my heart, and thy faith keep.

CL. This breathes my soul to thee.

Then forth the thicket Thyrsis rush'd,

Where he saw all their play :
The swain stood still, and smil'd, and blush'd ;
The nymph fled fast away.

F

G R I E F

GRIEF IN GHOST.

WHEREFORE do thy sad numbers flow

So full of woe ?

Why dost thou melt in such soft strains,

Whilst she disdain ?

If she must still deny,

Weep not, but die ;

And in thy funeral fire.

Shall all her fame expire :

Thus both shall perish, and as thou on thy
hearse

Shalt want her tears, so she shall want thy
Verse.

Repine not then at thy blest state,

Thou art above thy fate :

But my fair Celia will not give

Love enough to make me live ;

Nor yet dart from her bright eye

Scorn enough to make me die.

Then let me weep alone, till her kind breath

Or blow my tears away, or speak my death.

A P A S.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE:

SHEPHERD, NYMPH, CHORUS.

SHEPHERD.

THIS mossy bank they prest: NYM. That
aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.

CHC. Here let us sit, and sing the words they
spoke,

Till the day-breaking their embraces broke.

SHEPHERD.

See, Love, the blushes of the morn appear;
And now she hangs her pearly store
(Robb'd from the eastern shore)

I'th' cowslip's bell and rose's ear:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

NYMPH.

Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day*,
But shew my Sun must set; no morn
Shall shine till thou return:

F 2

The

* *This Pastoral Dialogue seems to be entirely
an Imitation of the Scene between Romeo and
Juliet,*

The yellow planets, and the gray
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

SHEPHERD.

If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useleſs ſhine. NYM. My tears will quite
Extinguiſh their faint light.

SHEP. Thoſe drops will make their beams
more clear,

Love's flames will ſhine in every tear.

CHORUS.

They kiſt, and wept; and from their lips and
eyes,

In a mix'd dew of briny ſweet,

Their joys and ſorrows meet †;

But

Juliet, *Act iii. Sc. 7.* *The time, the perſons,
the ſentiments, the expreſſions, are the ſame.*

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it
well;

It is ſome meteor, &c.

To light thee on thy way to Mantua.

† *It is impoſſible to paſs over theſe three Lines
with inattention. The Delicacy of the Thought
is equalled only by the Simplicity of the De-
ſcription. Thoſe ſoft ſenſations which ariſe in
Lovers*

But she crys out. Nym. Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrays us else to spies.

SHEPHERD.

The winged hours fly fast whilst we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.

Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chace
The day for ever from this place.

SHEPHERD.

Hark ! Nym. Ah me stay ! Shep. For ever.

Nym. No, arise ;

We must be gone. Shep. My nest of spice.

Nym. My Soul. Shep. My Paradise.

Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through
their eyes

Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies.

*Lovers when Their Joys and Sorrows meet, as
a Man of Genius only can describe them, so a
Man of Taste only can conceive them.*

RED AND WHITE ROSES.

READ in these Roses the sad story
 Of my hard fate, and your own glory ;
 In the White you may discover
 The paleness of a fainting Lover ;
 In the Red, the flames still feeding
 On my heart wit' fresh wounds bleeding.
 The White will tell you how I languish,
 And the Red express my anguish ;
 The White my innocence displaying,
 The Red my martyrdom betraying.
 The frowns that on your brow resided,
 Have those Roses thus divided ;
 Oh ! let your smiles but clear the weather,
 And then they both shall grow together.

TO MY COUSIN C. R. MARRYING MY
LADY A.

HAPPY Youth, that shall possess
Such a spring-tide of delight,
As the fated appetite,
Still enjoying such excess,
With the flood of pleasure, less
When the Hymeneal rite
Is perform'd, invoke the night,
That it may in shadows dress
Thy too real happiness;
Else, as Semele †, the bright
Deity in her full height
May thy feeble soul oppress.
Strong perfumes and glaring light
Oft destroy both smell and sight.

† *When Jupiter descended from heaven to
Semele, she was dazzled and overpowered by
the splendor of his Divinity.*

A LOVER UPON AN ACCIDENT NECESSITATING HIS DEPARTURE, CONSULTS WITH REASON.

LOVER.

WEEP not, nor backward turn your
beams,

Fond eyes; sad sighs, lock in your breath;
Left on this wind, or in those streams,

My griev'd soul fly, or fail to death.

Fortune destroys me if I stay,

Love kills me if I go away;

Since Love and Fortune both are blind,

Come, Reason, and resolve my doubtful mind.

REASON.

Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,

And 'gainst the blinder God rebel;

Thy love-sick heart shall not reside

Where scorn and self-will'd error dwell;

Where entrance unto truth is barr'd;

Where love and faith find no reward;

For my just hand may sometime move

The wheel of Fortune, not the sphere of Love.

PARTING, CELIA WEEPS.

WEEP not, my Dear, for I shall go
 Loaden enough with my own woe :
 Add not thy heaviness to mine ;
 Since fate our pleasures must disjoin,
 Why should our sorrows meet ? If I
 Must go, and lose thy company,
 I wish not theirs ; it shall relieve
 My grief, to think thou dost not grieve.
 Yet grieve and weep, that I may bear
 Every sigh and every tear
 Away with me ; so shall thy breast
 And eyes, discharg'd, enjoy their rest :
 And it will glad my heart, to see
 Thou wert thus loth to part with me.

RAP.

A R A P T U R E *.

I Will enjoy thee now, my Celia : Come,
 And fly with me to Love's Elyſium :
 The giant, Honour, that keeps cowards out,
 Is but a masquer ; and the ſervile rout
 Of baſer ſubjects only bend in vain
 To the vaſt idol, whilſt the nobler train
 Of valiant Lovers daily ſail between
 The huge Coloſſus' legs, and paſs unſeen
 Unto the bliſſful ſhore. Be bold and wiſe,
 And we ſhall enter ; the grim Swiſs denies
 Only to tame fools paſſage, that not know
 He is but form, and only frights in ſhew

** This poem contains looſer ſentiments and expreſſions than any other part of Carew's works—The chaſtity which generally characteriſes our Poet's Muſe induces us therefore to believe, that it was written rather to prove his abilities than to pleaſe his heart. It might have been the child of one of thoſe poetical dreams, when poets fancy much more than they ever felt ; and indeed the title he has given to it ſeems to imply, that it was written when the Fancy had got the ſtart of the Judgment.*

The

The duller eyes that look'd from far. Draw
near,

And thou shalt scorn what we were wont to
fear ;

We shall see how the stalking pageant goes
With borrow'd legs, a heavy load to those
That made, and bear him ; not as we once
thought,

The seed of Gods, but a weak model, wrought
By greedy men, that seek t'inclose the common,
And within private arms empale free woman.
Come then, and mounted on the wings of love
We'll cut the flitting air, and soar above
The monster's head ; and in the noblest seats
Of those blest shades quench and renew our
heats.

There shall the Queen of Love and Innocence,
Beauty, and Nature, banish all offence
From our close ivy twines ; there I'll behold
Thy bared snow and thy unbraided gold ;
There my enfranchis'd hand, on every side,
Shall o'er thy naked polish'd ivory slide.
No curtain there, though of transparent lawn,
Shall be before thy virgin treasure drawn :
But the rich mine, to the enquiring eye
Expos'd, shall ready still for mintage lie,

And

And we will coin young Cupids. There a bed
 Of roses and fresh myrtles shall be spread
 Under the cooler shade of cypress groves,
 Our pillows of the down of Venus' doves,
 Whereon our panting limbs we'll gently lay
 In the faint respites of our active play;
 That so our slumbers may in dreams have
 leisure

To tell the nimble fancy our past pleasure;
 And so our souls, that cannot be embrac'd,
 Shall the embraces of our bodies taste.
 Mean while the bubbling stream shall court the
 shore,

Th' enamour'd chirping wood-choir shall adore
 In varied tunes the Deity of Love;
 The gentle blasts of western winds shall move
 The trembling leaves, and thro' their close boughs
 breathe

Still music, whilst we rest ourselves beneath
 Their dancing shade; till a soft murmur, sent
 From souls entranc'd in amorous languishment,
 Rouse us, and shoot into our veins fresh fire,
 Till we in their sweet extasy expire.
 Then, as the empty bee, that lately bore
 Into the common treasure all her store,

Flies

Flies 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
 Deflow'ring the fresh virgins of the spring ;
 So will I rifle all the sweets that dwell
 In my delicious Paradise, and swell
 My bag with honey, drawn forth by the
 power

Of fervent kisses from each spicy flower.
 I'll seize the rose-buds in their perfum'd bed,
 The violet-knots, like curious mazes spread
 O'er all the garden, taste the ripen'd cherry,
 The warm firm apple tipt with coral berry ;
 Then will I visit, with a wandering kiss,
 The vale of lillies and the bower of bliss ;
 And where the beauteous region doth divide
 Into two milky ways, my lips shall slide
 Down those smooth allies, wearing as I go
 A track for Lovers on the printed snow ;
 Thence climbing o'er the swelling Appenine,
 Retire into thy grove of eglantine ;
 Where I will all those ravish'd sweets distill
 Thro' Love's alembic, and with chemic skill
 From the mix'd mass one sovereign balm derive,
 Then bring that great elixir to thy hive.

Now in more subtle wreaths I will entwine
 My snowy thighs, my legs, and arms with
 thine.

Thou

Thou like a sea of milk shalt lie display'd,
 While I the smooth calm ocean invade
 With such a tempest, as when Jove of old
 Fell down on Danaë in a storm of gold:
 Yet my tall pine shall in the Cyprian streight
 Ride safe at anchor, and unlade her freight;
 My rudder, with thy bold hand, like a try'd
 And skilful pilot, thou shalt steer, and guide
 My bark into Love's Channel, where it shall
 Dance, as the bounding waves do rise or fall;
 Then shall thy circling arms embrace and clip
 My willing body, and thy balmy lip
 Bathe me in juice of kisses, whose perfume
 Like a religious incense shall consume,
 And send up holy vapours to those powers
 That bless our loves, and crown our sportful hours;
 That with such Halcyon calmness fix our souls
 In steadfast peace, as no affright controuls.
 There, no rude sounds shake us with sudden
 starts;

No jealous ears, when we unrip our hearts,
 Suck our discourse in; no observing spies
 This blush, that glance traduce; no envious eyes
 Watch our close meetings, nor are we betray'd
 To rivals by the bribed chamber-maid.

No

No wedlock-bonds unwreath our twisted loves;
 We seek no midnight arbor, no dark groves,
 To hide our kisses : there, the hated name
 Of Husband, Wife, Lust, Modest, Chaste, or
 Shame,

Are vain and empty words, whose very sound
 Was never heard in the Elysian ground.

All things are lawful there, that may delight
 Nature or unrestrained appetite :

Like and enjoy, to will and act, is one

We only sin when Love's rites are not done ;

The Roman *Lucrece* there reads the divine

Lectures of Love's great-master, *Arctine* ;

And knows as well as *Lais* * how to move

Her pliant body in the act of love ;

To quench the burning ravisher, she hurls

Her limbs into a thousand winding curls,

And studies artful postures, such as he

Carv'd on the bark of every neighbouring tree

By learned hands ; that so adorn'd the rind

Of those fair plants, which as they lay entwin'd,

Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian

dame,

That in her endless web toil'd for a name

* *She was a celebrated courtesan of Corinth.*

As fruitless at her work, doth there display
 Herself before the youth of *Ithaca* *,
 And the am'rous sport of gamefome nights,
 prefer

Before dull dreams of the lost traveller.

Daphne † hath broke her bark; and that swift
 foot,

Which th' angry Gods had fastened with a root
 To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run,

To meet th' embraces of the youthful Sun :

She hangs upon him like his Delphique lyre,

Her kisses blow the old, and breathe new fire ;

* Penelope, during twenty years, rejected the
 addresses of the young nobles of *Ithaca*, to pre-
 serve her fidelity to her husband *Ulysses*, by the
 stratagem of finishing a web which she had be-
 gun, but which it was impossible ever should
 happen; the succeeding night having always de-
 stroyed the labours of the preceding day.

† The ancients tell us that *Daphne* was a
 beautiful nymph; whom, when *Apollo* was
 pursuing her with his love, the Gods converted
 into a laurel tree. This happened upon the banks
 of the river *Peneus*, in *Thessaly*.

Full of her God, she sings inspired lays,
 Sweet odes of love, such as deserve the bays,
 Which she herself was. Next her, *Laura* lies
 In *Petrarch's* learned arms, drying those eyes
 That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd numbers flow,
 As made the world enamour'd of his woe.

These, and ten thousand beauties more that dy'd
 Slave to the tyrant, now enlarg'd deride
 His cruel laws; and for their time mispent,
 Paid into Love's exchequer double rent.

Come then, my *Gelia*, we'll no more forbear
 To taste our joys, struck with a Panic fear,
 But will depose from his imperious sway
 This proud usurper, and walk free as they,
 With necks unyok'd; not is it just that he
 Should fetter your soft sex with chastity,
 Which nature made unapt for abstinence;
 When yet this false impostor can dispense
 With human justice and with sacred right,
 And maugre both their laws, command me fight
 With rivals or with emulous loves that dare
 Equal with thine their mistress' eyes or hair:
 If thou complain of wrong, and call my sword
 To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
 He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands
 With marks of infamy my coward hands.

G

And

And yet Religion bids from blood-shed fly,
 And damns me for that act : Then tell me why
 This goblin, Honour, which the world adores,
 Should make men atheists, and not women
 whores ?

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLERS *.

TH E lady Mary Villers lies
 Under this stone : With weeping eyes
 The parents that first gave her breath,
 And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
 If any of them, reader, were
 Known unto thee, shed a tear :
 Or if thyself possesse a gem,
 As dear to thee as this to them;
 Though a stranger to this place,
 Bewail in their's thine own hard case;
 For thou perhaps at thy return
 Mayst find thy darling in an urn.

** Daughter of George Villiers Duke of
 Buckingham.*

A N O-

A N O T H E R.

TH E purest soul that e'er was sent
 Into a clayey tenement
 Inform'd this dust; but the weak mould
 Could the great guest no longer hold;
 The substance was too pure; the flame
 Too glorious that thither came:
 Ten thousand Cupids brought along
 A grace on each wing, that did throng
 For place there, till they all oppress'd
 The seat in which they fought to rest;
 So the fair model broke, for want
 Of room to lodge th' inhabitant.

A N O T H E R.

THIS little vault, this narrow room,
 Of Love and Beauty is the tomb :
 The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear
 Our clouded sky, lies darken'd here,
 For ever set to us, by death
 Sent to inflame the world beneath.†.
 'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
 More sweetness than shall spring again ;
 A budding star, that might have grown
 Into a sun, when it had blown.
 This hopeful Beauty did create
 New life in Love's declining state ;
 But now his empire ends, and we
 From fire and wounding darts are free :
 His brand, his bow, let no man fear ;
 The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

† *Politeness, as well as Charity, must incline us to believe, that the Bard alludes in this expression to the heathen mythology, and that by the words " world beneath" he means the Elysium of the Ancients.*

EPI-

EPITAPH ON THE LADY S. WIFE TO
SIR W. S.

THE harmony of colours, features, grace,
Resulting airs (the magic of a face)
Of musical sweet tunes, all which combin'd
To crown one sovereign Beauty, lie confin'd
To this dark vault: She was a cabinet
Where all the choicest stones of price were set;
Whose native colours and pure lustre lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament;
Whose rare and hidden virtues did express
Her inward beauties and mind's fairer dress;
The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
The devout sapphire, em'rald apt to write
Records of mem'ry, cheerful agate, grave
And serious onyx, topaz that doth save
The brain's calm temper, witty amethyst;
This precious quarry, or what else the list
On Aaron's ephod planted had, she wore:
One only pearl was wanting to her store;
Which in her Saviour's book she found express;
To purchase that, she sold Death all the rest.

MARIA WENTWORTH *, THOMÆ COMITIS
CLEVELAND FILIA PRIMOGENITA, VIR-
GINIAM ANIMAM EXHALAVIT. AN. DOM.
—ÆT. SUÆ—

AND here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely-tempered clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.
Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.
In height it soar'd to God above,
In depth it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to gen'ral love.
Before, a pious duty shin'd
To parents; courtesy, behind;
On either side an equal mind.

* She was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth, who was afterwards raised to the title of Cleveland, and to several important dignities in the state, by the interest of arch-bishop Laud.

Good

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

So, though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justify'd
A chaste polygamy, and dy'd.

Learn from hence (reader) what small trust
We owe this world, where Virtue must,
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM*.

*Beatissimis manibus charissimi viri Illma conjunx
sic parentavit.*

WHEN, in the brazen leaves of fame,
The life, the death of Buckingham
Shall be recorded, if Truth's hand
Incise the story our land,
Posterity shall see a fair

Structure, by the studious care

G 4

* This was George Villiers, the first Duke
of Buckingham, who was introduced to the
court

Of two kings raised, that no less
 Their wisdom than their pow'r express;
 By blinded zeal (whose doubtful light
 Made Murder's scarlet robe seem white,
 Whose vain-deluding phantoms charm'd
 A clouded fullen soul, and arm'd
 A desperate hand thirsty of blood)
 Torn from the fair earth where it stood;
 So the majestic fabric fell.
 His actions let our annals tell;
 We write no chronicle; this pile
 Wears only Sorrow's face and stile,
 Which ev'n the Envy, that did wait
 Upon his flourishing estate,
 Turn'd to soft pity of his death,
 Now pays his hearse; but that cheap breath
 Shall not blow here, nor th' unpure brine
 Puddle those streams that bathe this shrine.

These are the pious obsequies
 Dropp'd from his chaste wife's pregnant eyes

court of James I. as his Favourite; and afterwards, in the reign of Charles I. ascended to the highest dignities. He was the admiration and terror of his time.

In

In frequent showers, and were alone
 By her congealing sighs made stone,
 On which the carver did bestow
 These forms and characters of woe:
 So he the fashion only lent,
 Whilst she wept all this monument*.

A N O T H E R.

*Siste, hospes, frve indigena, frve advena: vicissitu-
 dinis rerum mempr, pauca perlege.*

READER, when these dumb stones have
 told

In borrowed speech what guest they hold,
 Thou shalt confess the vain pursuit
 Of human glory yields no fruit;

* This little Poem is not destitute of some pathetic touches, expressive of the illustrious Lady's grief who is supposed to utter them; but the eight concluding lines, instead of being the mournful monody of a Widow, degrade it into the wretched conceit of a Poetaster.—But this was the fashion of the times.

But

But an untimely grave. If Fate
 Could constant happiness create,
 Her ministers, Fortune and Worth,
 Had here that miracle brought forth :
 They fix'd this child of honour where
 No room was left for hope or fear,
 Of more or less : so high, so great
 His growth was, yet so safe his seat :
 Safe in the circle of his friends ;
 Safe in his loyal heart and ends :
 Safe in his native valiant spirit ;
 By favour safe, and safe by merit ;
 Safe by the stamp of Nature, which
 Did strength with shape and grace enrich ;
 Safe in the chearful courtesies
 Of flowing gestures, speech, and eyes ;
 Safe in his bounties, which were more
 Proportion'd to his mind than store :
 Yet though for virtue he becomes
 Involv'd himself in borrow'd fums,
 Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
 No friend, engag'd no debt unpaid.

But though the stars conspire to show'r
 Upon one head th' united power

Of

Of all their graces, if their dire
 Aspects must other breasts inspire
 With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
 May cut (as here) their darling's life:
 Who can be happy then, if Nature must,
 To make one happy man, make all men just?

FOUR SONGS BY WAY OF CHORUS TO A
 PLAY, AT AN ENTERTAINMENT OF THE
 KING AND QUEEN BY MY LORD CHAM-
 BERLAIN*.

OF JEALOUSY. DIALOGUE.

QUESTION.

FROM whence was first this fury hurl'd,
 This Jealousy, into the world?
 Came she from Hell? ANSW. No, theredoth reign
 Eternal Hatred, with Disdain:

**These entertainments were frequent in Charles's court, and had always attached to them a musical interlude, or some sumptuous piece of pageantry. On one of these occasions the present Songs were composed. They are written in imitation of the ancient manner.*

But

But she the daughter is of Love,
Sister of Beauty. QUEST. Then above
She must derive from the third sphere
Her heavenly off-spring. ANSW. Neither there :
From those immortal flames could she
Draw her cold frozen pedigree ?

QUESTION.

If nor from Heaven nor Hell, where then
Had she her birth ? ANS. I' th' hearts of men.
Beauty and Fear did her create,
Younger than Love, elder than Hate.
Sister to both, by Beauty's side
To Love, by Fear to Hate ally'd.
Despair her issue is, whose race
Of fruitful mischief drowns the space
Of the wide earth in a swoln flood
Of wrath, revenge, spite, rage, and blood.

QUESTION.

Oh how can such a spurious line
Proceed from parents so divine ?

ANSWER.

As streams, which from their chrystal spring
Do sweet and clear their waters bring,
Yet

Yet, mingling with the brackish main,
Nor taste nor colour they retain.

QUESTION.

Yet rivers 'twixt their own banks flow
Still fresh : Can Jealousy do so ?

ANSWER.

Yes, whilst she keeps the steadfast ground
Of Hope and Fear, her equal bound :
Hope, sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Tow'rs the fair object doth advance ;
Whilst Fear, as watchful Centinel,
Doth the invading foe repel ;
And Jealousy, thus mixt, doth prove
The season and the salt of love :
But when Fear takes a larger scope,
Stifling the child of reason, Hope,
Then, sitting on th' usurped throne,
She like a tyrant rules alone ;
As the wild ocean unconfin'd,
And raging as the northern wind.

II.

FEMININE HONOUR.

IN what esteem did the Gods hold
 Fair Innocence and the chaste bed,
 When scandal'd Virtue might be bold,
 Bare-foot upon sharp cultures, spread
 O'er burning coals, to march; yet feel
 Nor scorching fire nor piercing steel *?

Why, when the hard-edg'd iron did turn
 Soft as a bed of roses blown,
 When cruel flames forgot to burn
 Their chaste, pure limbs, should man alone
 'Gainst female innocence conspire,
 Harder than steel, fiercer than fire?

** This alludes to the ancient Ordeal by Fire, a Method by which accused Persons undertook to prove their Innocence, by walking blind-fold and barefoot over nine red-hot Ploughshares or Pieces of Iron, placed at unequal distances. This barbarous Custom began before the Conquest, and continued till the time of Henry III.*

Oh

Oh hapless sex ! unequal sway
 Of partial honour ! who may know
 Rebels from subjects that obey,
 When Malice can on vestals throw
 Disgrace, and Fame fix high repute
 On the loose shameless prostitute ?
 Vain Honour ! thou art but disguise,
 A cheating voice, a juggling art ;
 No judge of Virtue, whose pure eyes
 Court her own image in the heart,
 More pleas'd with her true figure there,
 Than her false echo in the ear.

III.

SEPARATION OF LOVERS.

STOP the chafed bore, or play
 With the lyon's paw, yet fear
 From the Lover's side to tear
 The idol of his soul away.

Though Love enter by the fight
 To the heart, it doth not fly
 From the mind, when from the eye
 The fair objects take their flight.

But

But since want provokes desire,
 When we lose what we before
 Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
 So is Love more set on fire.

Love doth with an hungry eye
 Glut on Beauty, and you may
 Safer snatch the tyger's prey
 Than his vital food deny.

Yet, though absence for a space
 Sharpen the keen appetite,
 Long continuance doth quite
 All Love's characters efface.

For the sense, not fed, denies
 Nourishment unto the mind,
 Which with expectation pin'd,
 Love of a consumption dies.

IV.

INCOMMUNICABILITY OF LOVE.

QUESTION.

BY what power was Love confin'd
To one object? Who can bind,
Or fix a limit to the free-born mind?

ANSWER.

Nature; for as bodies may
Move at once but in one way,
So nor can minds to more than one Love
stray.

REPLY.

Yet I feel double smart;
Love's twinn'd flame, his forked dart,
Then hath wild Lust, not Love, possess'd
thy heart.

QUESTION.

Whence springs Love? Ans. From Beauty.

QUEST. Why

Should th' effect not multiply
As fast in the heart, as doth the cause in th' eye?

H

AN-

ANSWER.

When two beauties equal are,
 Sense preferring neither fair,
 Desire stands still, distracted 'twixt the pair.

So in equal distance lay
 Two fair lambs in the wolf's way,
 The hungry beast will starve ere choose his
 prey.

But where one is chief, the rest
 Cease, and that's alone posselt,
 Without a rival monarch of the breast.

SONGS IN THE PLAY.

A LOVER, IN THE DISGUISE OF AN
 AMAZON, IS DEARLY BELOVED OF HIS
 MISTRESS.

CEASE, thou afflicted soul, to mourn,
 Whose love and faith are paid with
 scorn;
 For I am starv'd that feel the blisses
 Of dear embraces, smiles and kisses,

From

From my soul's idol, yet complain
Of equal love more than disdain.

Cease, beauty's exile, to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that fair bosom dwell,
That is my paradise and hell;
Banish'd at home, at once at ease
In the safe port, and tost on seas.

Cease in cold jealous fears to pine,
Sad wretch, whom rivals undermine;
For though I had lock'd in mine arms
My life's sole joy, a traitor's charms
Prevail; whilst I may only blame
Myself, that mine own rival am.

H A N -

A N O T H E R.

A LADY, RESCUED FROM DEATH BY A
KNIGHT, WHO IN THE INSTANT LEAVES
HER, COMPLAINS THUS.

O H whither is my fair fun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat away ?

If thou repose in the moist bed

Of the sea-queen, bring back the day
To our dark clime, and thou shalt lie
Bath'd in the sea-flows from mine eye.

Upon what whirlwind didst thou ride

Hence, remain fixt in my heart,
From me, and to me; fled, and ty'd ?

Dark riddles of the amorous art ;
Love lent thee wings to fly ; so he
Unfeather'd now must rest with me.

Help, help, brave youth ! I burn, I bleed !

The cruel God with bow and brand
Pursues the life thy valour freed ;

Disarm him with thy conquering hand ;
And that thou may'st the wild boy tame,
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame.

TO BEN. JOHNSON,

UPON OCCASION OF HIS ODE OF DE-
FIANCE ANNEXED TO HIS PLAY OF THE
NEW INN*.

'TIS true (dear Ben.) thy just chastizing
hand
Hath fix'd upon the fotted age a brand,
To their swoln pride and empty scribbling due :
It can nor judge, nor write; and yet, 'tis true,
Thy Comic Muse from the exalted line
Touch'd by the *Alchymist*, doth since decline
From that her zenith, and foretels a red
And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;

* *This was the last of Ben. Johnson's dramatic productions, and it bore every mark of departing Genius. The New-Inn gave him more vexation than all his former Pieces had done. It was exhibited at the Theatre without any Success: But a great Poet is never tired of Fame; he appealed from the Stage to the Closet, and published his Comedy, having prefixed to it an Ode addressed to himself, in which he complimented his own abilities, and set the Critics at defiance. To this Ode our Poet here alludes.*

Yet such as shall out-shine the glimmering
light

With which all stars shall gild the following
night.

Nor think it much (since all thy eaglets may
Endure the sunny trial) if we say
This hath the stronger wing, or That doth shine
Trick'd up in fairer plumes, since All are thine.
Who hath his flock of cackling geese compar'd
With thy tun'd quire of swans? or else who
dar'd

To call thy births deform'd? But if thou bind,
By city custom, or by gavel kind,
In equal shares thy love on all thy race,
We may distinguish of their sex, and place;
Though one hand form them, and through one
brain strike

Souls into all, they are not all alike.

Why should the follies then of this dull age
Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage

As seems to blast thy (else immortal) bays,
When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of
praise?

Such thirst will argue drought. No; let be
hurl'd

Upon thy works, by the detracting world,

What

What malice can suggest ; let the rout say,
 The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)
 Count the flow minutes, might a Goodwin* frame,
 To swallow, when th' hast done, thy ship-
 wreck'd name ;

Let them the dear expence of oil upbraid,
 Suck'd by thy watchful lamp, that hath betray'd
 To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt
 Into thy ink, whilst thou grow'st pale with
 guilt :

Repine not at the taper's thrifty waste,
 That fleeks thy terser Poems ; nor is haste
 Praise, but excuse ; and if thou overcome
 A knotty writer, bring the booty home ;
 Nor think it theft, if the rich spoils, so torn
 From conquer'd Authors, be as trophies worn.
 Let others glut on thee th' extorted praise
 Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after-days :
 Thy labour'd works shall live, when time de-
 vours
 Th' abortive off-spring of their hasty hours :

* Carew here alludes to the Goodwin Sands
 in Kent, which have proved fatal to such a
 number of Vessels and their Crews.

Thou

Thou art not of their rank ; the quarrel lies
Within thine own verge ; then let this suffice,
The wiser world doth greater thee confess
Than all men else, than thyself only less.

AN HYMENEAL DIALOGUE.

BRIDE AND GROOM.

GROOM.

TELL me (my love) since Hymen ty'd
The holy knot, hast thou not felt
A new infused spirit slide
Into thy breast, whilst thine did melt?

BRIDE.

First tell me (sweet) whose words were those?
For though your voice the air did break,
Yet did my soul the sense compose,
And through your lips my heart did speak.

GROOM.

Then I perceive, when from the flame
Of love my scorch'd soul did retire,
Your frozen heart in her place came;
And sweetly melted in that fire.

BRIDE.

BRIDE.

'Tis true ; for when that mutual change
Of souls was made with equal gain,
I straight might feel diffus'd a strange
But gentle heat through every vein.

CHORUS.

Oh blest disunion ! that doth so
Our bodies from our souls divide,
As two do one, and one four grow,
Each by contraction multiply'd.

BRIDE.

Thy bosom then I'll make my nest,
Since there my willing soul doth perch.
GROOM. And for my heart in thy chaste breast
I'll make an everlasting search.

CHORUS. Oh blest disunion, &c.

OBSEQUIES TO THE LADY ANNE HAY*.

I Heard the virgins sigh ; I saw the sleek
And polish'd courtier channel his fresh
cheek

With real tears ; the new betrothed maid
Smil'd not that day ; the graver Senate laid
Their business by ; of all the courtly throng
Grief seal'd the heart, and silence bound the
tongue :

I that ne'er more of private sorrow knew
Than from my pen some froward Mistress drew,
And for the public woe had my dull sense
So fear'd with ever-adverse influence,
As the invader's sword might have, unfelt,
Pierc'd my dead bosom, yet began to melt :
Grief's strong instinct did to my blood sug-
gest

In the unknown loss peculiar interest.
But when I heard the noble Carlisle's Gem,
The fairest branch of Denny's antient stem,

** She was the daughter of James Hay, first
Earl of Carlisle.*

Was

Was from that casket stol'n, from this trunk
 torn,
 I found just cause why they, why I should
 mourn.

But who shall guide my artless pen, to draw
 Those blooming beauties which I never saw ?
 How shall posterity believe my story,
 If I her crowded graces, and the glory
 Due to her riper virtues, shall relate
 Without the knowledge of her mortal state ?
 Shall I, as once Apelles, here a feature,
 There steal a grace ; and rifling so whole Na-
 ture
 Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,
 Figure one Venus, and say, Such was she ?
 Shall I her legend fill with what of old
 Hath of the worthies of her sex been told ;
 And what all pens and times to all dis-
 pense,
 Refrain to her by a prophetic sense ?
 Or shall I, to the moral and divine
 Exactest laws, shape by an even line
 A life so straight, as it should shame the
 square
 Left in the rules of Katherine or Clare,

And

And call it hers ? Say, So did she begin ;
 And, had she liv'd, such had her progress been ?
 These are dull ways, by which base pens, for
 hire,

Daub glorious Vice, and from Apollo's quire
 Steal holy ditties, which prophanely they
 Upon the herse of every strumpet lay.

We will not bathe thy corps with a forc'd
 tear,

Nor shall thy train borrow the blacks they
 wear ;

Such vulgar spice and gums embalm not thee ;
 Thou art the theme of Truth, not Poetry.

Thou shalt endure a trial by thy Peers ;
 Virgins of equal birth, of equal years,
 Whose virtues held with thine an emulous
 strife,

Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life :

One shall ensphere thine eyes, another shall
 Impearl thy teeth, a third thy white and small
 Hand shall besnow, a fourth incarnadine
 Thy rosy cheek ; until each beauteous line,
 Drawn by her hand in whom that part excels,
 Meet in one center, where all Beauty dwells.

Others,

Others, in task, shall thy choice virtues share;
Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth
declare,

Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by
deeds:

They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
Of every virtue, which in the pursuit
Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit;
Thus shalt thou from the mouth of Envy raise
A glorious journal of thy thrifty days,
Like a bright star shot from his sphere, whose
face

In a continued line of flames we trace.

This, if survey'd, shall to thy view impart
How little more than late thou wert, thou art:
This shall gain credit with succeeding times,
When nor by bribed pens, nor partial rhimes
Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
Is storied by the partners of thy youth;
Their breath shall faint thee and be this thy
pride,

'Thus ev'n by rivals to be deify'd,

TO THE COUNTESS OF ANGLESEA *, UPON
 THE IMMODERATELY BY HER LAMENTED
 DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

MADAM, Men say you keep with dropping
 eyes
 Your sorrows fresh, wat'ring the Rose that lies
 Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear Lord's
 hearse.

Alas ! those odours now no more can pierce
 His cold, pale nostril, nor the crimson dye
 Present a graceful blush to his dark eye.

Think you that flood of pearly moisture hath
 The virtue fabled of old Eson's bath ?
 You may your beauties and your youth consume
 Over his urn, and with your sighs perfume
 The solitary vault, which, as you groan,
 In hollow ecchoes shall repeat your moan :
 There you may wither, and an autumn bring
 Upon your self, but not call back his spring.

* This was Elizabeth, the wife of the re-
 nowned Arthur Annesley, first Earl of Anglesey,
 and daughter of Sir James Altham.

For-

Forbear your fruitless grief then ; and let those
 Whose love was doubted, gain belief with
 shows
 To their suspected faith ; you whose whole life
 In every act crown'd you a constant wife,
 May spare the practice of that vulgar trade,
 Which superstitious custom only made :
 Rather, a widow now of wisdom prove
 The pattern as ; a wife you were of love.
 Yet since you surfeit on your grief, 'tis fit
 I tell the world upon what cares you fit
 Glutting your sorrows ; and at once include
 His story, your excuse, my gratitude.

You, that behold how yon sad Lady blends
 Those ashes with her tears, lest, as she spends
 Her tributary sighs, the frequent gust
 Might scatter up and down the noble dust ;
 Know, when that heap of atoms was with blood
 Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmly stood
 On stately pillars, the rare form might move
 The froward Ino's, or chaste Cynthia's love.
 In motion, active grace ; in rest, a calm ;
 Attractive sweetness brought both wound and
 balm

To

And in continual circles dances, free
 From the impetuous torrent ; so did he
 Give others leave to turn the wheel of state,
 (Whose steerless motion spins the subjects fate)
 Whilst he, retir'd from the tumultuous noise
 Of court, and suitors press, apart enjoys
 Freedom, and mirth, himself, his time, and friends,
 And with sweet relish tastes each hour he spends.
 I could remember how his noble heart
 First kindled at your beauties ; with what art
 He chac'd his game through all opposing fears,
 When I his sighs to you, and back your tears
 Convey'd to him ; how loyal then, and how
 Constant he prov'd since to his marriage vow,
 So as his wandering eyes never drew in
 One lustful thought to tempt his soul to sin ;
 But that I fear such mention rather may
 Kindle new grief, than blow the old away.

Then let him rest, join'd to great Buckingham,
 And with his brother's mingle his bright flame.
 Look up, and meet their beams, and you from
 thence
 May chance derive a chearful influence.

I

Seek

Seek him no more in dust, but call again
 Your scatter'd beauties home ; and so the pen,
 Which now I take from this sad elegy,
 Shall sing the trophies of your conqu'ring eye.

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF DOCTOR
 DONNE *, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

CAN we not force from widow'd Poetry,
 Now thou art dead, great Donne, one Elegy
 To crown thy hearse ? Why yet did we not
 crust,
 Tho' with unkneced, dough-bak'd prose, thy
 dust ;

* *This excellent Poet is better known in our age by his Satires, which were modernised and versified by Mr. Pope, than by his other works, which are scarce. If he was not the greatest Poet, he was at least the greatest Wit, of James the First's reign. Carew seems to have thought still more highly of him ; for in another place he exalts him above all the other Bards, ancient and modern :*

—“ Donne, worth all that went before.”

He died in the year 1631.

Such

Such as th' uncizar'd lect'rer from the flow'r
 Of fading rhetoric, short-liv'd as his hour,
 Dry as the sand that measures it, might lay
 Upon the ashes on the funeral day ?

Have we not tune, nor voice ? Didst thou
 dispense

Through all our language both the words and
 sense ?

'Tis a sad truth. The pulpit may her plain
 And sober christian precepts still retain ;
 Doctrines it may, and wholesome uses, frame,
 Grave homilies, and lectures ; but the flame
 Of thy brave soul (that shot such heat and light
 As burnt our earth, and made our darkness
 bright,

Committed holy rapes upon the will,
 Did through the eye the melting hearts distil,
 And the deep knowledge of dark truths so teach
 As sense might judge what fancy could not reach)
 Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
 That fills with spirit and heat the Delphic quire,
 Which, kindled first by the Promethean breath,
 Glow'd here a while, lies quench'd now in thy
 death.

The Muses garden, with pedantic weeds
 O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy seeds
 Of servile imitation thrown away,
 And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay
 The debts of our penurious bankrupt age:
 Licentious thefts, that make poetic rage
 A mimic fury, when our souls must be
 Possess'd or with Anacreon's extasy
 Or Pindar's, not their own; the subtle cheat
 Of sly exchanges, and the juggling feat
 Of two-edg'd swords; or whatsoever wrong
 By ours was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
 Thou hast redeem'd; and open'd us a mine
 Of rich and pregnant fancy; drawn a line
 Of masculine expression, which had good
 Old Orpheus seen, or all the antient brood
 Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
 Their lead more precious than thy burnish'd gold,
 Thou hadst been their Exchequer, and no more
 They each in other's dung had search'd for ore.
 Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
 And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
 More charms the outward sense: yet thou
 may'st claim
 From so great disadvantage greater fame,

Since

Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
 Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
 With her tough thick-rib'd hoops to gird about
 Thy giant Fancy, which had prov'd too stout
 For their soft, melting phrases. As in time
 They had the start, so did they cull the prime
 Buds of Invention many a hundred year,
 And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
 To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands
 Of what was only thine, thy only hands
 (And that their smallest work) have gleaned more
 Than all those Times and Tongues could reap
 before.

But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
 Too hard for libertines in poetry;
 They will recall the goodly, exil'd train
 Of Gods and Goddeses, which in thy just
 reign
 Was banish'd noble poems. Now, with these,
 The silenc'd tales i' th' Metamorphoses
 Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page;
 Till verse, refin'd by thee, in this last age
 Turn Ballad-rime, or those old Idols be
 Ador'd again with new apostacy.

Oh pardon me ! that break with untun'd
verse

The reverend silence that attends thy hearse ;
Whose solemn, awful murmurs were to thee,
More than those rude lines, a loud elegy ;
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whose influence,
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies,
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies :
So doth the swiftly-turning wheel not stand
I' th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
But some short-time retains a faint, weak course,
By virtue of the first impulsive force ;
And so, whilst I cast on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of bays, oh let it crack a while,
And spit disdain, till the devouring flames
Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.

I will not draw the envy, to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all the loss ;
Those are too numerous for one elegy,
And 'tis too great to be express'd by me :
Let others carve the rest ; it shall suffice,
I on thy grave this epitaph incise.

“ Here

“ Here lies a King that rul’d as he thought fit
 “ The Universal Monarchy of Wit ;
 “ Here lies two * Flamens, and both those the
 “ best ;
 “ Apollo’s first, at last the true God’s Priest.”

IN ANSWER TO AN ELEGIACAL LETTER
 UPON THE DEATH OF THE KING OF
 SWEDEN † FROM AURELIAN TOWNSEND,
 INVITING ME TO WRITE ON THAT SUB-
 JECT.

WHY dost thou sound, my dear Aurelian,
 In so shrill actions, from thy Barbican,

* *Alluding to his being both a Poet and a Divine.*

† *Gustavus Adolphus, the great Protector of the Protestants in Germany ; who, after having subdued Ingria, Livonia, and Pomernia, was killed at the battle of Lutzen, near Leipzig.*

A loud alarm to my drowsy eyes *,
 Bidding them wake in tears and elegies
 For mighty Sweden's fall ? Alas ! how may
 My lyric feet, that of the smooth, soft way
 Of Love and Beauty only know the tread,
 In dancing paces celebrate the dead
 Victorious King, or his majestic hearse
 Prophane with th' humble touch of their low
 verse ?

Virgil nor Lucan, no, nor Tasso, more
 Than both ; not Donne, worth all that went
 before ;

With the united labour of their wit
 Could a just poem to this subject fit.
 His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
 Higher by verse : let him in prose be prais'd,
 In modest faithful story, which his deeds
 Shall turn to poems : When the next age reads
 Of Francfort, Leipfic, Warburgh, of the Rhine,
 The Leck, the Danube, Tilley, Wallestein,

* Our author in this passage lost sight of his usual correctness. To "sound an alarm to the eyes" is a harsh expression on this side of the Irish Channel.—But, Quandoque dormitat Homerus.

Bavaria,

Bavaria, Dapenheim, Lutzen-field, where he
Gain'd after death a posthume victory,
They'll think his acts things rather feign'd
than done,
Like our romances of the Knight o' th' Sun.
Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler,
Who though to annals he cannot refer
His too-brief story, yet his journals may
Stand by the Cesar's years; and every day
Cut into minutes, each shall more contain
Of great designment than an Emperor's reign:
And (since 'twas but his church-yard) let him have
For his own ashes now no narrower grave
Than the whole German continent's vast womb,
Whilst all her cities do but make his tomb.
Let us to Supreme Providence commit
The fate of Monarchs, which first thought it fit
To rend the Empire from the Austrian grasp,
And next from Sweden's, even when he did
clasp
Within his dying arms the Sov'reignty
Of all those Provinces, that men might see
The Divine Wisdom would not leave that land
Subject to any one King's sole command.

Then

Then let the Germans fear, if Cesar shall,
 Or the United Princes, rise and fall;
 But let us that in myrtle bowers sit,
 Under secure shades, use the benefit
 Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand
 Of our good king gives this obdurate land :
 Let us of revels sing, and let thy breath
 (Which fill'd Fame's trumpet with Gustavus'
 death,
 Blowing his name to Heaven) gently inspire
 Thy past'ral pipe till all our swains admire
 Thy song and subject, whilst they both comprise
 The Beauties of the *Shepherd's Paradise* * :
 For who, like thee, (whose loose discourse is far
 More neat and polish'd than our poems are,
 Whose very gait's more graceful than our
 dance)
 In sweetly flowing numbers may advance
 The glorious night : when, not to act foul rapes,
 Like birds, or beasts, but in their Angel-shapes
 A troop of Deities came down to guide
 Our steerless barks in Passion's swelling tide
 By Virtue's card, and brought us from above
 A pattern of their own celestial love.

* *The Title of a Poem written by Aurelian
 Townsend.*

Nor

Nor lay it in dark fullen precepts drown'd ;
But with rich fancy and clear action crown'd,
Through a mysterious fable (that was drawn
Like a transparent veil of purest lawn
Before their dazzling beauties) the Divine
Venus did with her heavenly Cupid shine :
The story's curious web, the masculine stile,
The subtle sense, did time and sleep beguile :
Pinion'd and charm'd, they stood to gaze upon
Th' angel-like forms, gestures, and motion ;
To hear those ravishing sounds, that did dispense
Knowledge and pleasure to the soul and sense.
It fill'd us with amazement to behold
Love made all spirit ; his corporeal mold,
Dissected into atoms, melt away
To empty air, and from the gross allay
Of mixtures and compounding accidents,
Refin'd to immaterial elements.
But when the Queen of Beauty did inspire
The air with perfumes, and our hearts with
fire,
Breathing, from her celestial organ, sweet
Harmonious notes, our souls fell at her feet,
And

And did with humble, reverend duty, more
 Her rare perfections than high state adore.
 These harmless pastimes let my Townsend sing
 To rural tunes ; not that thy Muse wants wing
 To soar a loftier pitch, (for she hath made
 A noble flight, and plac'd th' heroic shade
 Above the reach of our faint, flagging rhyme) ;
 But these are subjects proper to our clime.
 'Tornies*, Masks, Theatres better become
 Our Halcion days. What though the German
 drum

Bellow for freedom and revenge ? the noise
 Concerns not us, nor should divert our joys ;
 Nor ought the thunder of their carabins
 Drown the sweet airs of our tun'd violins.
 Believe me, friend, if their prevailing pow'rs
 Gain them a calm security like ours,
 They'll hang their arms upon the olive bough,
 And dance and revel then as we do now.

* This species of entertainment, we suppose,
 was a-kin to our modern Routs, the expression
 seeming to be borrowed from the Spanish Tor-
 nado, or Hurricane.

UPON

UPON MR. W. MOUNTAGUE HIS RETURN
FROM TRAVEL.

L EAD the black bull to slaughter, with the
boar

And lamb ; then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The Sea-Gods for their careful waftage pay :
Send grateful incense up in pious smoke
To those mild Spirits that cast a curbing yoke
Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
To the wish'd shore our long'd-for Mountague :
Then, whilst the aromatic odours burn
In honour of their Darling's safe return,
The Muse's quire shall thus with voice and hand
Bless the fair gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly-breathing vernal Air,
That with kind warmth do'st repair
Winter's ruins ; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' East
Borrow their perfumes ; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky ;

Whose

Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the Violet bed ;
On whose brow, with calm smiles dress'd,
The Halcyon sits and builds her nest ;
Beauty, Youth, and endless Spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing.

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flow'ry birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth :
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us ;
Thou canst stroke great Eolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

Thus, whilst you deal your body 'mongst your
friends,
And fill their circling arms, my glad soul sends
This her embrace : thus we of Delphos greet ;
As lay-men clasp their hands, we join our feet.

To

TO MASTER W. MOUNTAGUE.

SIR, I arrest you at your Country's suit,
Who, as a debt to her, requires the fruit
Of that rich stock, which she by Nature's hand
Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole land :
Next she indites you of a felony,
For stealing what was her propriety *,
Yourself, from hence ; so seeking to convey
The public treasure of the state away.
More : y'are accus'd of ostracism, the fate
Impos'd of old by the Athenian state
On eminent virtue ; but that curse which they
Cast on their men, you on your country lay :
For, thus divided from your noble parts,
This kingdom lives in exile, and all hearts
That relish worth or honour, being rent
From your perfections, suffer banishment.

* *Property.*

These

These are your public injuries ; but I
 Have a just private quarrel, to defy
 And call you Coward ; thus to run away
 When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay
 Till I redeem'd my honour : but I swear
 By Celia's eyes, by the same force to tear
 Your heart from you, or not to end this strife,
 Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.
 But as in single fights it oft hath been
 In that unequal equal trial seen,
 That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first,
 Came from the combat oft too with the worst ;
 So if you foil me when we meet, I'll then
 Give you fair leave to wound me so again ;

ON

ON THE MARRIAGE OF T. K. AND C. C.
THE MORNING STORMY.

SUCH should this day be, so the sun should
hide

His bashful face, and let the conquering bride
Without a rival shine, whilst he forbears

To mingle his unequal beams with hers ;

Or if sometimes he glance his squinting eye

Between the parting clouds, 'tis but to spy,

Not emulate her glories, so comes drest

In veils, but as a masker to the feast.

Thus Heav'n should lowr, such stormy gusts
should blow,

Not to denounce ungentle fates, but shew,

The chearful bridegroom to the clouds and
wind

Hath all his tears and all his sighs assign'd.

Let tempests struggle in the air, bet rest

Eternal calms within thy peaceful breast !

Thrice happy youth ! but ever sacrifice

To that fair hand that dry'd thy blubber'd eyes,

K

That

That crown'd thy head with roses, and turn'd all
 The plagues of love into a cordial,
 When first it join'd her virgin snow to thine,
 Which when to-day the Priest shall recom-
 bine,

From the mysterious, holy touch, such charms
 Will flow, as shall unlock her wreathed arms,
 And open a free passage to that fruit
 Which thou hast toil'd for with a long pur-
 suit.

But ere thou feed, that thou mayst better taste
 Thy present joys, think on thy torments past :
 Think on the mercy freed thee, think upon
 Her virtues, graces, beauties, one by one ;
 So shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole
 Delights of her fair body and pure soul :
 Then boldly to the fight of love proceed ;
 'Tis mercy not to pity, though she bleed.
 We'll strew no nuts, but change that antient
 form,

For till to-morrow we'll prorogue this storm,
 Which shall confound with its loud whistling
 noise
 Her pleasing shrieks, and fan thy panting joys.

For

FOR A PICTURE WHERE THE QUEEN LA-
MENTS OVER THE TOMB OF A SLAIN
KNIGHT.

BRAVE Youth, to whom Fate in one
hour
Gave death and conquest, by whose pow'r
Those chains about my heart are wound,
With which the foe my kingdom bound;
Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring
For either act an offering :
For victory, this wreath of bay ;
Ensign of thraldom, down I lay
Scepter and crown : Take from my fight
Those royal robes ; since Fortune's spight
Forbids me live thy Virtue's prize,
I'll die thy Valour's sacrifice.

K 2

To

TO A LADY THAT DESIRED I WOULD LOVE
HER.

I.

NOW you have freely given me leave to
love,

What will you do ?

Shall I your mirth, or passion move,

When I begin to woo ?

Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too ?

II.

Each petty Beauty can disdain, and I,

Spite of your hate,

Without your leave can see and die :

Dispense a nobler fate ;

'Tis easy to destroy, you may create.

III.

Then give me leave to love, and love me too ;

Not with design

To raise, as Love's curst rebels do,

When puling poets whine,

Fame to their beauty from their blubber'd eyn.

IV.

IV.

Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear

Your Beauty's rays :

Joys are pure streams, your eyes appear

Sullen in sadder lays ;

In chearful numbers they shine bright with
praise;

V.

Which shall not mention, to express you fair,

Wounds, flames, and darts,

Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,

Suborning all your parts,

Or to betray or torture captive hearts.

VI.

I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear,

As mild and fair ;

Your brow, as crystal smooth and clear ;

And your dishevel'd hair

Shall flow like a calm region of the air.

VII.

Rich Nature's store (which is the poet's treasure)

I'll spend to dress

Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure

In equal thankfulness

You but unlock, so we each other bless.

UPON MY LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HIS ELEC-
TION OF MY LADY A. W. FOR HIS MIS-
TRESS.

I.

HEAR this, and tremble all
Usurping Beauties that create
A government tyrannical
In Love's free state:
Justice hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes
His equal balance join'd; his sage head lies
In Love's soft lap, which must be just and wise.

II.

Hark how the stern Law breathes
Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
No fetters but of filken wreaths
And braided hairs:
His dreadful rods and axes are exil'd,
Whilst he sits crown'd with roses: Love hath
His native roughness; Justice is grown mild.

* This was written on the occasion of Lord
Chief Justice Finch paying his addresses to Lady
Anne Wentworth, the favourite lady whose
marriage (with Lord Lovelace) our Poet
celebrates in another part of his works.

III. The

III.

The golden age returns;
 Love's bow and quiver useleſs lie;
 His ſhaft, his brand, nor wounds nor burns;
 And cruelty
 Is ſunk to hell: the Fair ſhall all be kind;
 Who loves ſhall be belov'd; the froward mind
 To a deformed ſhape ſhall be confin'd.

IV.

Aſtræa hath poſſeſt
 An earthly ſeat, and now remains
 In Finch's heart; but Wentworth's breaſt
 That gueſt contains:
 With her ſhe dwells, yet hath not left the ſkies,
 Nor loſt her ſphere; for, new-enthron'd, ſhe
 cries,
 "I know no heaven but fair Wentworth's eyes."

TO A. D. UNREASONABLY DISTRUSTFUL OF
HER OWN BEAUTY.

FAIR Doris, break thy glass; it hath
 perplex,
 With a dark comment, Beauty's clearest text;
 It hath not told thy face's story true,
 But brought false copies to thy jealous view:
 No colour, feature, lovely air, or grace,
 That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face;
 But thou may'st read in thine, or justly doubt,
 Thy glass hath been summon'd to leave it out.
 But if it offer to thy nice survey
 A spot, a stain, a blemish or decay,
 It not belongs to thee; the treacherous light
 Or faithless stone abuse thy credulous sight.
 Perhaps the magic of thy face hath wrought
 Upon th' enchanted crystal, and so brought
 Fantastic shadows to delude thine eyes
 With airy, repercussive forceries:
 Or else th' enamoured Image pines away
 For love of the fair object, and so may
 Wax pale and wan; and though the substance
 grow
 Lively and fresh, that may consume with woe.
 Give

Give thou no faith to the false specular stone,
But let thy beauties by th' effects be known :
Look, sweetest Doris, on my love-sick heart ;
In that true mirror see how fair thou art.
There, by Love's never-erring pencil drawn,
Shalt thou behold thy face, like th' early
dawn,

Shoot through the shady covert of thy hair,
Enam'ling and perfuming the calm air
With pearls and roses, till thy funs display
Their lids, and let out the imprison'd day.
Whilst Delphic priests (enlighten'd by their
theme)

In amorous numbers count thy golden beam,
And from Love's altars clouds of sighs arise
In smoaking incense to adore thine eyes :
If then Love flow from Beauty as th' effect,
How canst thou the resistless cause suspect ?
Who would not brand that fool that should
contend,

There were no fire where smoke and flames
ascend?

Distrust is worse than scorn ; not to believe
My harms, is greater wrong than not to grieve.
What cure can for my fest'ring fore be found,
Whilst thou believ'st thy beauty cannot wound ?

Such

Such humble thoughts more cruel tyrants prove,
 Than all the pride that e'er usurp'd in love;
 For Beauty's herald here denounceth war,
 There her false spies betray me to a snare.
 If fire disguis'd in balls of snow were hurl'd,
 It unsuspected might consume the world:
 Where our prevention ends, danger begins;
 So wolves in sheeps', lions in asses' skins
 Might far more mischief work, because less fear'd;
 Those, the whole flock, these might kill all
 the herd.

Appear then as thou art, break through this
 cloud,

Confess thy beauty, though thou thence grow
 proud:

Be fair, though scornful; rather let me find
 Thee cruel, than thus mild and more unkind.

Thy cruelty doth only me defy,

But these dull thoughts thee to thyself deny.

Whether thou mean to barter or bestow

Thyself, 'tis fit thou thine own value know.

I will not cheat thee of thyself, nor pay

Less for thee than thou'rt worth; thou shalt not
 say,

That is but brittle glass which I have found

By strict enquiry a firm diamond,

I'll

I'll trade with no such Indian fool as sells
Gold, pearls, and precious stones, for beads
and bells *;

Nor will I take a present from your hand,
Which you or prize not or not understand.

It not endears your bounty that I do
Esteem your gift, unless you do so too.

You undervalue me, when you bestow
On me what you nor care for, nor yet know.
No, lovely Doris, change thy thoughts, and
be

In love first with thyself, and then with me.

You are afflicted that you are not fair,
And I as much tormented that you are :

What I admire you scorn ; what I love, hate ;
Through different faiths both share an equal
fate :

Faith to the truth, which you renounce, I stick ;
I die a martyr, you an heretic.

** Alluding to the ignorance of the Indian
tribes in South America, who used to barter
their Riches for the Toys and Trinkets of the
Europeans.*

TO MY FRIEND, G. N. FROM WREST.

I BREATHE, sweet GHIBS, the tem-
 perate air of Wrest,
 Where I, no more with raging storms oppress'd,
 Wear the cold nights out by the banks of
 Tweed,
 On the bleak mountains where fierce tempests
 breed,
 And everlasting winter dwells ; where mild
 Favonius and the vernal winds, exil'd,
 Did never spread their wings : but the wild
 North
 Brings sterile fern, thistles, and brambles forth.
 Here, steep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant earth
 Sends from her teeming womb a flow'ry birth ;
 And, cherish'd with the warm sun's quick'ning
 heat,
 Her porous bosom doth rich odours sweat ;
 Whose perfumes thro' the ambient air diffuse
 Such native aromatics, as we use
 No foreign gums, nor essence fetch'd from far,
 No volatile spirits, nor compounds that are
 Adulterate ; but, at Nature's cheap expence,
 With far more genuine sweets refresh the sense.
 Such

Such pure and uncompounded beauties bless
This mansion with an useful comeliness
Devoid of art ; for here the architect
Did not with curious skill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or prophecy,
But built a house for hospitality.

No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone
Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertain his sight ; but clear
And chearful flames cherish and warm him here.
No Doric nor Corinthian pillars grace
With imagery this structure's naked face :
The lord and lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than seem, in sight.
Instead of statues to adorn their wall,
They throng with living men their merry hall,
Where, at large tables fill'd with wholsome
meats,

The servant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats :
Some of that rank, spun of a finer thread,
Are with the women, steward, and chaplain,
fed

With daintier cates ; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coat
Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
At the lord's table, whose spread sides admit

A large

A large access of friends to fill those seats
Of his capacious sickle, fill'd with meats
Of choicest relish, till his oaken back
Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.
Nor think, because our pyramids and high
Exalted turrets threaten not the sky,
That therefore Wreft of narrowness complains,
Or straighten'd walls; for the more numerous
trains

Of noble guests daily receives, and those
Can with far more conveniency dispose,
Than prouder piles, where the vain builder spent
More cost in outward gay embellishment
Than real use; which was the sole design
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for service. Amalthea's horn *
Of plenty is not in effigy worn

* Amalthæa was the daughter of Meliffus, King of Crete. She is fabled to have fed Jupiter, while an infant, with the milk of a Goat, whose Horn the God afterwards made her a present of, endued with this virtue, That whoever possessed it, should have every thing they wished for. Hence it was called the Horn of Plenty.

Without

Without the gate ; but she within the door
 Empties her free and unexhausted store.
 Nor crown'd with wheaten wreaths doth Ceres
 stand

In stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand :
 Nor on a marble tun, his face besmear'd
 With grapes, is curl'd, uncizar'd Bacchus rear'd.
 We offer not, in emblems, to the eyes,
 But to the taste, those useful deities :
 We press the juicy God, and quaff his blood,
 And grind the yellow Goddess into food.
 Yet we decline not all the work of Art ;
 But where more bounteous Nature bears a part,
 And guides her handmaid, if she but dispense
 Fit matter, she with care and diligence
 Employs her skill ; for where the neighbour
 source

Pours forth her waters, she directs her course,
 And entertains the flowing streams in deep
 And spacious channels, where they slowly creep
 In snaky windings, as the shelving ground
 Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
 This island mansion, which, i'th' center plac'd,
 Is with a double crystal heaven embrac'd ;
 In which our wat'ry constellations float,
 Our fishes, swans, our waterman and boat,
 Envy'd

Envy'd by those above, which wish to flake
 Their star-burnt limbs in our refreshing lake;
 But they stick fast nail'd to the barren sphere,
 Whilst our increase, in fertile waters here,
 Disport, and wander freely where they please
 Within the circuit of our narrow seas.

With various trees we fringe the water's
 brink,

Whose thirsty roots the soaking moisture drink,
 And whose extended boughs in equal ranks
 Yield fruit, and shade, and beauty to the banks.
 On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
 His ruddy-cheek'd Pomona; Zephyr sports
 On th'other, with lov'd Flora, yielding there
 Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.
 But did you taste the high and mighty drink
 Which from that luscious fountain flows, you'd
 think

The God of wine did his plump clusters bring,
 And crush the Falern * grape into our spring;
 Or else, disguis'd in wat'ry robes, did swim
 To Ceres' bed, and make her beg of him,

** The Grape of Falernus is celebrated by all Antiquity. It was produced from Vines of a peculiar strength and flavour which grew in the Falernian fields in Campania.*

Begetting

Begetting so himself on her : for know,
 Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
 To theirs in autumn ; but our fire boils here
 As lusty liquor as the sun makes there.

Thus I enjoy myself, and taste the fruit
 Of this blest place ; whilst, toil'd in the pursuit
 Of bucks and stags, th' emblem of war, you
 strive
 To keep the memory of our arms alive.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

TO THE KING.

LOOK back, old Janus, and survey,
 From Time's birth till this new-born day,
 All the successful seasons bound
 With laurel wreaths, and trophies crown'd ;
 Turn o'er the annals past, and, where
 Happy auspicious days appear,
 Mark'd with the whiter stone that cast
 On the dark brow of th' ages past
 A dazz'ling lustre, let them shine
 In this succeeding circle's twine,
 Till it be round with glories spread ;
 Then with it crown our CHARLES his head,

L

That

That we th'ensuing year may call
 One great continu'd festival.
 Fresh joys in varied forms apply
 To each distinct captivity.
 Season his cares by day with nights
 Crown'd with all conjugal delights.
 May the choice beauties that inflame
 His royal breast be still the same,
 And he still think them such, since more
 Thou canst not give from Nature's store :
 Then as a father let him be
 With numerous issue blest, and see
 The fair and god-like off-spring grown
 From budding stars to suns full blown.
 Circle with peaceful olive boughs
 And conquering bays his regal brows :
 Let his strong virtues overcome,
 And bring him bloodless trophies home :
 Strew all the pavements where he treads
 With loyal hearts or rebels' heads :
 But, Byfront*, open thou no more,
 In his blest reign, the temple door.

* Janus, who was painted with two faces.
 He was worshipped as a God, and had a
 Temple built to him : in time of Peace it
 was shut; in time of War it was open.

TO THE QUEEN.

THOU great commandress, that dost
move

Thy sceptre o'er the crown of Love,
And through his empire, with the awe
Of thy chaste beams, dost give the law;
From his prophaner altars we
Turn to adore thy deity.

He only can wild lust provoke;

Thou those impurer flames canst choak :

And where he scatters looser fires,

Thou turn'st them into chaste desires :

His kingdom knows no rule but this,

"Whatever pleaseth lawful is."

Thy sacred lord shews us the path

Of modesty and constant faith,

Which makes the rude male satisfy'd

With one fair female by his side ;

Doth either sex to each unite,

And form Love's pure hemaphrodite.

To this thy faith behold the wild

Satyr already reconcil'd,

L. 2

Who

Who from the influence of thine eye
 Hath suck'd the deep divinity.
 O free them then, that they may teach
 The Centaur and the Horseman ! preach
 To beasts and birds, sweetly to rest
 Each in his proper lair and nest :
 They shall convey it to the flood,
 Till there thy law be understood.
 So shalt thou, with thy pregnant fire,
 The water, earth, and air inspire.

TO THE NEW YEAR, FOR THE COUNTESS
 OF CARLISLE *.

GIVE Lucinda pearl nor stone,
 Lend them light who else have none :
 Let her beauty shine alone.

Gums nor spice bring from the East,
 For the phoenix in her breast
 Builds his funeral pile and nest.

* *This was Anne, daughter of Edward
 Lord Howard of Escrick, and wife of Charles
 Howard, first Earl of Carlisle.*

No rich 'tire thou canst invent
Shall to grace her form be sent ;
She adorns all ornament.

Give her nothing, but restore
Those sweet smiles which heretofore
In her chearful eyes she wore.

Drive those envious clouds away,
Veils that have o'ercast my day,
And eclips'd her brighter ray.

Let the royal Goth mow down
This year's harvest with his own
Sword, and spare Lucinda's frown.

Janus, if, when next I trace
Those sweet lines, I in her face
Read the charter of my grace ;

Then, from bright Apollo's tree,
Such a garland wreath'd shall be
As shall crown both her and thee.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND, MASTER
THOMAS MAY *, UPON HIS COMEDY,
THE HEIR.

THE HEIR being born, was in his
tender age

Rock'd in the cradle of a private stage,
Where, list'd up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairly stand.
Since, having gather'd strength, he dares prefer
His steps into the publick theatre,
The world; where he despairs not but to find
A doom from men more able, not less kind.

I but his usher am, yet if my word
May pass, I dare be bound he will afford
Things must deserve a welcome, if well known,
Such as best writers would have wish'd their own.

** These complimentary verses must be considered rather as a tribute to Friendship than to Genius; for though May was a competitor with Sir William D'Avenant for the Royal Laurel, his abilities were much less splendid. He translated the Georgics of Virgil and Lucan's Pharsalia, and was the Historian of the Oliverian Parliament.—These verses were written in 1620.*

You

You shall observe his words in order meet,
 And, softly stealing on with equal feet,
 Slide into even numbers with such grace
 As each word had been moulded for that place.

You shall perceive an amorous passion spun
 Into so smooth a web, as had the Sun,
 When he pursu'd the swiftly-flying Maid*,
 Courted her in such language, she had stay'd.
 A love so well exprest must be the same

The Author felt himself from his fair flame.

The whole plot doth alike itself disclose
 Through the Five Acts, as doth the lock that
 goes

With letters; for till every one be known,
 The lock's as fast as if you had found none!
 And where his sportive Muse doth draw a
 thread

Of mirth, chaste matrons may not blush to
 read.

Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal
 My want of art, dear friend, than to conceal
 My love. It did appear I did not mean
 So to commend thy well-wrought comic scene,

* *Alludes to the fable of Apollo and Daphne.*

As men might judge my aim rather to be,
 To gain praise to myself, than give it thee ;
 Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast
 Deserv'd, and what must my faint breath out-last,
 Yet was this garment (though I skilless be
 To take thy measure) only made for thee ;
 And if it prove too scant, 'tis 'cause the stuff
 Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER GEORGE
 SANDS *, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE
 PSALMS.

I Presume not to the choir, nor dare I greet
 The holy place with my unhallowed feet ;
 My unwash'd Muse pollutes not things divine,
 Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine :

* *This was Mr. George Sands, son of Edwin Archbishop of York. Besides the Translation of the Psalms here mentioned, (which was the delight and amusement of Charles I. during his imprisonment in the Isle of Wight,) he translated Ovid's Metamorphoses and Part of Virgil's Æneis. Dryden calls him the best versifier of*

Here,

Here, humbly waiting at the porch, she stays,
 And with glad ears sucks in thy sacred lays.
 So, devout penitents of old were wont,
 Some without door, and some beneath the

font,

To stand and hear the church's liturgies,
 Yet not assist the solemn exercise :
 Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,
 To trim thy vestments, or but bear thy train ;
 Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy
 lark,

Her lyric feet may dance before the Ark.
 Who knows, but that her wand'ring eyes that
 run,
 Now hunting glow-worms, may adore the
 Sun :

A pure flame may, shot by Almighty pow'r
 Into her breast, the earthy flame devour :
 My eyes in penitential dew may steep
 That brine, which they for sensual love did
 weep.

So (though 'gainst Nature's course) fire may be
 quench'd

With fire, and water be with water drench'd ;
 Perhaps my restless soul, tir'd with pursuit
 Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit

Con-

Contentment there, which hath not, when en-
joy'd,

Quench'd all her thirst, nor satisfy'd, though
cloy'd ;

Weary of her vain search below, above
In the First Fair may find th' immortal love.
Prompted by thy example then, no more
In moulds of clay will I my God adore ;
But tear those idols from my heart, and write
What his blest Spirit, not fond Love, shall indite ;
Then I no more shall court the verdant Bay,
But the dry leafless trunk on Golgotha ;
And rather strive to gain from thence one thorn,
Than all the flourishing wreaths by Laureats
worn.

To

TO MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, HENRY
LORD CARY OF LEPINGTON, UPON HIS
TRANSLATION OF MALVEZZI.

MY LORD,

IN every trivial work, 'tis known,
Translators must be masters of their own
And of their Author's language; but your task
A greater latitude of skill did ask;
For your Malvezzi first requir'd a man
To teach him speak vulgar Italian:
His matter's so sublime, so new his phrase,
So far above the stile of Bembo's days,
Old Varchie's rules, or what the Trusca * yet
For current Truscan mintage will admit,
As I believe your Marquis by a good
Part of his natives hardly understood.
You must expect no happier fate; 'tis true,
He is of noble birth, of nobler you:
So nor your thoughts nor words fit common
ears;
He writes, and you translate, both to your Peers.

* Tuscany, famous for speaking the Italian
Language in its greatest Purity.

To

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER D'AVE-
NANT*, UPON HIS EXCELLENT PLAY,
THE JUST ITALIAN.

I,LL not mispend in praise the narrow room
I borrow in this leaf; the garlands bloom
From thine own seeds, that crown each glorious
page
Of thy triumphant work; the fullen age
Requires a satyr. What star guides the soul
Of these our froward times, that dare controul,
Yet dare not learn to judge? When didst thou fly
From hence, clear, candid Ingenuity?
I have beheld, when perch'd on the smooth
brow
Of a fair modest troop, thou didst allow

* *This Gentleman, who was supposed, but with the greatest improbability, to be a natural Son of Shakespear, was one of the first Poets of his time. It was he who harmonized the Stage. He first introduced Scenery, and the order and decorum of the French Theatre, upon the British one. He succeeded Ben. Johnson as Poet-Laureat to Charles.*

Applause to flighter works ; but then the weak
Spectator gave the knowing leave to speak.

Now noise prevails, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit, that with the cry spends not his
mouth.

Yet ask him reason why he did not like ;
Him, why he did ; their ignorance will strike
Thy soul with scorn and pity : mark the places
Provoke their smiles, frowns, or distorted faces,
When they admire, nod, shake the head,
they'll be

A scene of mirth, a double Comedy.
But thy strong fancies (raptures of the brain,
Drest in poetic flames) they entertain
As a bold, impious reach ; for they'll still slight
All that exceeds Red Bull * and Cockpit flight.

** After the Restoration, there were two
Companies of Players formed, one under the
title of the King's Servants, the other under
that of the Duke's Company, both by patent
from the Crown ; the first granted to Mr.
Killigrew, and the latter to Sir William
D'Avenant. The King's Servants acted first
at the Red Bull in St. John's-Street, and af-
terwards.*

These are the men in crouded heaps, that
throng

To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
Of th' untun'd kennel can a line repeat;
Of serious sense, but the lips meet like meat;
Whilst the true brood of actors, that alone
Keep nat'ral, unstrain'd Action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
The terser Beaumont's or great Johnson's verse.
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the state
Hath felt this rancor, where men great and good
Have by the rabble been misunderstood;
So was thy Play; whose clear, yet lofty strain,
Wise men, that govern fate, shall entertain.

*terwards at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane; to
which places our Poet here alludes. It seems,
by the verses before us, that though Killigrew's
Company was much inferior to D'Avenant's,
it was more successful; tho' the Company of the
latter, who performed at the Duke's Theatre
in Lincoln-inn-Fields, acted the pieces of Shake-
spear, Johnson, Beaumont, and were headed by
the celebrated Betterton.*

To

TO THE READER OF MR. WILLIAM
D'AVENANT'S PLAY*.

IT hath been said of old, that Plays are Feasts,
Poets the Cooks, and the Spectators Guests;
The Actors, Waiters : from this simile,
Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty
To use their judgments as their tastes, which
chuse,

Without controul, this dish, and that refuse :
But Wit allows not this large privilege,
Either you must confess or feel its edge ;
Nor shall you make a current inference,
If you transfer your reason to your sense :
Things are distinct, and must the same appear
To every piercing eye or well-tun'd ear.
Though sweets with your's, sharps best with my
taste meet :

Both must agree, this meat's or sharp, or
sweet.

** The Just Italian, which did not meet with
so much success as it ought to have had from a
polite audience.*

But

But if I scent a stench, or a perfume,
 Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
 You have that sense imperfect : So you may
 Affect a sad, merry, or humorous play ;
 If, though the kind distaste or please, the good
 And bad be by your judgment understood :
 But if, as in this play, where with delight
 I feast my Epicurean appetite
 With relishes so curious, as dispense
 The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,
 You should profess that you can nothing meet
 That hits your taste either with sharp or sweet;
 But cry out, 'Tis insipid ; your bold tongue
 May do it's master, not the Author wrong ;
 For men of better palate will by it
 Take the just elevation of your wit.

TO MY FRIEND WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

I Crowded 'mongst the first, to see the stage
 (Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
 By thy bright fancy dazzled ; where each scene
 Wrought like a charm, and forc'd the audience
 lean

To th' passion of thy pen : Thence Ladies went
 (Whose absence Lovers sigh'd for) to repent
 Their unkind scorn ; and courtiers, who by art
 Made love before, with a converted heart,
 To wed those Virgins, whom they woo'd
 t' abuse ;

Both render'd Hymen's pros'lites by thy Muse.

But others, who were proof 'gainst Love, did
 fit

To learn the subtle dictates of thy Wit ;
 And, as each profited, took his degree,
 Master, or Bachelor, in Comedy.
 We of th' adult'rate mixture not complain,
 But thence more characters of virtue gain ;
 More pregnant patterns of transcendent worth,
 Than barren and insipid fruit brings forth :
 So, oft the bastard nobler fortune meets,
 Than the dull issue of the lawful sheets.

M

THE

THE COMPARISON.

DEAREST, thy tresses are not threads of
gold,

Thy eyes of diamonds, nor do I hold

Thy lips for rubies, thy fair cheeks to be

Fresh roses, or thy teeth of ivory :

Thy skin, that doth thy dainty body sheath,

Not alabaſter is, nor doſt thou breath

Arabian odours ; thoſe the earth brings forth,

Compar'd with which, would but impair thy,
worth.

Such may be others miſtreſſes, but mine

Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.

Thy tresses are thoſe rays that do ariſe,

Not from one ſun, but two ; ſuch are thy
eyes ;

Thy lips congealed nectar are, and ſuch

As, but a deity, there's none dare touch ;

The perfect crimſon that thy cheek doth cloath
(But only that it far exceeds them both)

Aurora's bluſh reſembles, or that red

That Iris ſtruts in when her mantle's ſpread ;

Thy teeth in white do Leda's ſwan exceed ;

Thy ſkin's a heavenly and immortal weed ;

And

And when thou breath'st, the winds are ready
 straight
 To filch it from thee; and do therefore wait
 Close at thy lips, and, snatching it from thence,
 Bear it to heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincense.
 Fair Goddess, since thy feature makes thee one,
 Yet be not such for these respects alone;
 But as you are divine in outward view,
 So be within as fair, as good, as true.

THE ENQUIRY.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk'd,
 Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd:
 "Tell me, (said I in deep distress)
 "Where may I find my shepherdess?"
 "Thou fool, (said Love) know'st thou not this,
 "In every thing that's good she is?
 "In yonder tulip go and seek,
 "There thou mayst find her lip, her cheek.

" In yon enamel'd pansy by,
 " There thou shalt have her curious eye.
 " In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
 " There wave the streamers of her blood.
 " In brightest lilies that there stand,
 " The emblems of her whiter hand.
 " In yonder rising hill there smell
 " Such sweets as in her bosom dwell."

" 'Tis true" (said I): and thereupon
 I went to pluck them one by one,
 To make of parts a union;
 But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopt: said Love, " These be,
 " Fond man, resemblances of thee:
 " And, as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
 " Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye:
 " And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
 " Like these short sweets thus knit together *."

* This little Poem, with the several little
 Love-verses and Songs that follow, fully evince
 our Poet's superior genius on the subject of Love.
 We wish he had never sacrificed at any shrine
 but the shrine in Cyprus.

THE SPARK.

MY first Love, whom all beauties did
 adorn,
 Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn;
 Unlike to tinder in my breast it lies,
 By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
 Each wanton eye now kindles my desire,
 And that is free to all, that was entire.
 Defiring more by thee, desire I lost,
 As those that in consumptions hunger most;
 And now my wand'ring thoughts are not confin'd
 Unto one woman, but to woman-kind:
 This for her shape I love; that for her face;
 This for her gesture or some other grace;
 And where I none of these do use to find,
 I choose there by the kernel, not the rind:
 And so I hope, since first my hopes are gone,
 To find in many what I lost in one;
 And, like to merchants after some great loss,
 Trade by retail, that cannot now in gross.
 The fault is hers that made me go astray;
 He needs must wander that hath lost his way.
 Guiltless I am; she did this change provoke,
 And made that charcoal which to her was oak:

And as a looking-glass, from the aspect,
 Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
 But being crack'd or broken, there are shown
 Many half-faces, which at first were one ;
 So Love unto my heart did first prefer
 Her image, and there planted none but her ;
 But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her
 scorn,
 Many less faces in her face are born :
 Thus, like to tinder, am I prone to catch
 Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

THE COMPLIMENT.

O My Dearest, I shall grieve thee,
 When I swear (yet, Sweet, believe me,) .
 By thine eyes, the tempting book,
 On which ev'n crabbed old men look ;
 I swear to thee, (though none abhor them)
 Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for that fair
 Rich fan of thy most curious hair ;
 Though the wires thereof be drawn
 Finer than the threads of lawn,

And

And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spinner weaves.

I do not love thee for those flow'rs,
Growing on thy cheeks (Love's bow'rs)
Though such cunning them hath spread
None can paint their white and red ;
Love's golden arrows thence are shot ;
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kifs'd so oft ;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard :
Though from those lips a kifs being taken,
Might Tyrants melt, and Death awaken.

I do not love thee, O my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder ;
Though that neck be whiter far,
Than tow'rs of polish'd ivory are.

I do not love thee for those mountains
Hill'd with snow, whence milky fountains

(Sugar'd sweets, as syrup'd berries)
 Must one day run through pipes of cherries ;
 O how much those breasts do move me !

Yet for them I do not love thee.

I do not love thee for that belly,
 Sleek as fatten, soft as jelly,
 Though within that crystal round
 Heaps of treasure might be found,
 So rich, that for the best of them,
 A King might leave his diadem.

I do not love thee for those thighs,
 Whose alabaster rocks do rise
 So high and even, that they stand
 Like sea-marks to some happy land :
 Happy are those eyes have seen them ;
 More happy they that sail between them.

I love thee not for thy moist palm,
 Though the dew thereof be balm :
 Nor for thy pretty leg and foot,
 Although it be the precious root
 On which the goodly cedar grows :
 Sweet, I love thee not for those.

Nor

Nor for thy wit, though pure and quick,
 Whose substance no arithmetic
 Can number down ; nor for those charms
 Mask'd in thy embracing arms ;
 Though in them one night to lie,
 Dearest, I would gladly die.

I love not for those eyes, nor hair,
 Nor cheeks, nor lips, nor teeth so rare ;
 Nor for thy speech, thy neck, nor breast,
 Nor for thy belly, nor the rest ;
 Nor for thy hand, nor foot so small ;
 But, wouldst thou know, dear Sweet, for All.

ON SIGHT OF A GENTLEWOMAN'S FACE IN
 THE WATER.

STAND still, you floods, do not deface
 That image which you bear :
 So votaries, from every place,
 To you shall altars rear.

No winds but lovers' sighs blow here,
 To trouble these glad streams,
 On which no star from any sphere
 Did ever dart such beams.

To crystal then in haste congeal,
 Left you should lose your bliss;
 And to my cruel fair reveal,
 How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious Nymphs shall fear
 Their beauties will be scorn'd,
 And hire the ruder winds to tear
 That face which you adorn'd;

Then rage and foam amain, that we
 Their malice may despise;
 And from your froth we soon shall see
 A second Venus rise.

S O N G.

S O N G.

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauties orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if East or West,
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest ;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

S O N G.

S O N G.

WOULD you know what's soft, I
dare

Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to stars to shew what's bright,
Nor to Snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor, to please your sense, bring forth
Bruised nard, or what's more worth.

Or, on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you nectar for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my Mistress, and 'tis done.

T H E

THE SECOND RAPTURE.

NO, Worldling, no ; tis not thy gold,
 Which thou dost use but to behold,
 Nor fortune, honour, nor long life,
 Children, or friends, nor a good wife,
 That makes thee happy ; these things be
 But shadows of felicity :
 Give me a wench about thirteen,
 Already voted to the Queen
 Of Lust and Lovers ; whose soft hair,
 Fann'd with the breath of gentle air,
 O'erspreads her shoulders like a tent,
 And is her veil and ornament ;
 Whose tender touch will make the blood
 Wild in the aged and the good ;
 Whose kisses, fasten'd to the mouth
 Of threescore years and longer slouth,
 Renew the age ; and whose bright eye
 Obscures those lesser lights of Sky ;
 Whose snowy breasts (if we may call
 That snow, that never melts at all)
 Makes Jove invent a new disguise,
 In spite of Juno's jealousies ;

Whose

Whose every part doth re-invite
 The old decayed appetite ;
 And in whose sweet embraces I
 May melt myself to lust, and die.

This is true bliss ; and I confess,
 There is no other happiness.

THE HUE AND CRY.

IN Love's name, you are charg'd hereby,
 To make a speedy hue and cry
 After a face which, t'other day,
 Stole my wand'ring heart away.
 To direct you, these, in brief,
 Are ready marks to know the thief.

Her hair a net of beams would prove,
 Strong enough to captive Jove
 In his Eagle shape ; her brow
 Is a comely field of snow ;
 Her eye so rich, so pure a grey,
 Every beam creates a day ;
 And if she but sleep (not when
 The Sun sets) 'tis night again ;

In

In her cheeks are to be seen
 Of flowers both the King and Queen,
 Thither by the Graces led,
 And freshly laid in nuptial bed ;
 On whom lips like Nymphs do wait,
 Who deplore their virgin state ;
 Oft they blush, and blush for this,
 That they one another kiss :
 But observe, besides the rest,
 You shall know this Felon best
 By her tongue ; for if your ear
 Once a heavenly music hear,
 Such as neither Gods nor Men,
 But from that voice, shall hear again,
 That, that is she. O strait surprize,
 And bring her unto Love's affize :
 If you let her go, she may
 Antedate the latter day,
 Fate and Philosophy controul,
 And leave the world without a soul.

To

TO HIS MISTRESS CONFINED.

S O N G.

O Think not, Phœbe, 'cause a cloud
 Doth now thy silver brightness shrowd,
 My wandering eye
 Can stoop to common Beauties of the Sky.
 Rather be kind, and this eclipse
 Shall neither hinder eye nor lips;
 For we shall meet
 With our hearts, and kifs, and none shall see't.
 Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
 Without some living sign of me:
 When thou dost spy
 A sun-beam peep into the room, tis I;
 For I am hid within a flame,
 And thus into thy chamber came,
 To let thee see
 In what a martyrdom I burn for thee.

When thou dost touch thy lute, thou mayst
 Think on my heart, on which thou play'st;
 When each sad tone
 Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groan.

When

When thou dost please, they shall rebound
 With nimble airs, struck to the sound
 Of thy own voice ;
 O think how much I tremble and rejoice !

There's no sad picture that doth dwell
 Upon thy Arras wall, but well

Resembles me.
 No matter though our age do not agree,
 Love can make old, as well as Time ;
 And he that doth but twenty climb,
 If he dare prove
 As true as I, shews fourscore years in love.

THE PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here
 This firtling of the infant year ;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This Primrose all bepearl'd with dew ;
 I strait will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of Love are wash'd with tears :
 Ask me why this flow'r doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too ;

Ask me why the stalk is weak,
 And bending, yet it doth not break;
 I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

THE TINDER.

OF what mould did Nature frame me?
 Or was it her intent to shame me,
 That no Woman can come near me,
 Fair, but her I court to hear me?
 Sure that Mistress, to whose beauty
 First I paid a Lover's duty,
 Burnt in rage my heart to Tinder;
 That nor pray'rs, nor tears can hinder;
 But wherever I do turn me,
 Every spark let fall doth burn me.
 Women, since you thus inflame me,
 Flint and steel I'll ever name, ye.

A S O N G.

IN her fair cheeks two pits do lie,
 To bury those slain by her eye;
 So, spight of death, this comforts me,
 That fairly buried I shall be:
 My grave with rose and lilly spread,
 O tis a life to be so dead.
 Come then and kill me with thy eye,
 For if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold those lips again
 Reviving what those eyes have slain
 With kisses sweet, whose balsam pure
 Love's wounds, as soon as made, can cure;
 Methinks 'tis sickness to be found,
 And there's no health to such a wound.
 Come then, &c.

When in her chaste breast I behold,
 Those downy mounts of snow ne'e cold,
 And those blest hearts her Beauty kills,
 Reviv'd by climbing those fair hills;
 Methinks there's life in such a death,
 And so t' expire inspires new breath.
 Come then, &c.

Nymph, since no death is deadly, where
 Such choice of antidotes are near,
 And your keen eyes but kill in vain
 Those that are found; as soon as slain,
 That I no longer dead survive;
 Your way's to bury me alive
 In Cupid's cave, where happy I
 May dying live, and living die :
 Come then and kill me with thy eye;
 For if thou let me live, I die.

THE CARVER.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

A Carver, having lov'd too long in vain,
 Hew'd out the portraiture of Venus' Son
 In marble rock, upon the which did rain
 Small drizzling drops that from a fount did run ;
 Imagining the drops would either wear
 His fury out, or quench his living flame :
 But when he saw it bootless did appear,
 He swore the water did augment the same.

So

So I, that seek in verse to carve thee out,
 Hoping thy Beauty will my flame allay,
 Viewing my lines impolish'd all throughout,
 Find my Will rather than my Love obey;
 That, with the Carver, I my work do blame,
 Finding it still th' augmenter of my flame.

TO THE PAINTER.

FOND man, that hop'st to catch that face
 With those false colours, whose short grace
 Serves but to shew the lookers-on
 The faults of thy presumption;
 Or at the least to let us see,
 That is divine, but yet not she;
 Say you could imitate the rays
 Of those eyes that out-shine the Day's;
 Or counterfeit, in red and white,
 That most uncounterfeited light
 Of her complexion; yet canst thou,
 (Great master though thou be) tell how
 To print a virtue? Then desist;
 This Fair your artifice hath miss'd;

You should have mark'd how she begins
 To grow in virtue, not in sins;
 Instead of that same rosy dye,
 You shou'd have drawn out Modesty,
 Whose beauty sits enthroned there,
 And learns to look and blush at her.
 Or can you colour just the same,
 When virtue blushes; or when shame,
 When sickness, and when innocence,
 Shews pale or white unto the sense?
 Can such coarse varnish e'er be said
 To imitate her white and red?
 This may do well elsewhere in Spain,
 Among those faces dy'd in grain;
 So you may thrive, and what you do
 Prove the best picture of the two.
 Besides (if all I hear be true)
 'Tis taken ill by some, that you
 Should be so insolently vain,
 As to contrive all that rich gain
 Into one tablet; which alone
 May teach us superstition;
 Instructing our amazed eyes
 T'admire and worship Imag'ries,
 Such as quickly might out-shine
 Some new Saint, wer't allow'd a shrine,

And

And turn each wand'ring looker-on
 Into a new Pygmalion,
 Yet your Art cannot equalize
 This picture in her Lover's eyes:
 His eyes the pencils are, which limbe
 Her truly, as her's copy him;
 His heart the tablet, which alone
 Is for that portrait the tru'ft stone;
 If you would a truer see,
 Mark it in their posterity,
 And you shall read it truly there,
 When the glad world shall see their Heir.

LOVE'S COURTSHIP.

KISS, lovely Celia, and be kind;
 Let my desires freedom find:

Sit thee down,

And we will make the Gods confefs,
 Mortals enjoy fome happinefs.

Mars would disdain his Miftrefs' charms,

If he beheld thee in my arms,

And defcend,

Thee his mortal Queen to make,
Or live as mortal for thy sake.

Venus must lose her title now,
And leave to brag of Cupid's bow ;

Silly Queen !

She hath but one, but I can spy
Ten thousand Cupids in thy eye.

Nor may the Sun behold our bliss,
For sure thy eyes do dazzle his ;

If thou fear
That he'll betray thee with his light,
Let me eclipse thee from his sight.

And while I shade thee from his eye,
Oh let me hear thee gently cry,

Celia yields.

Maids often lose their maidenhead,
Ere they set foot in nuptial bed,

ON

ON A DAMASK-ROSE STICKING UPON A
LADY'S BREAST.

LET Pride grow big, my Rose, and let the
clear

And damask colour of thy leaves appear.

Let scent and looks be sweet, and bless that hand
That did transplant thee to that sacred land.

O happy thou that in that Garden rests,

That Paradise between that Lady's breasts :

There's an eternal Spring ; there shalt thou lie,
Betwixt two lilly mounts, and never die :

There shalt thou spring among the fertile vallies,
By buds, like thee, that grow in midst of allies.

There none dare pluck thee, for that place is
such,

That but a God divine there's none dare touch ;

If any but approach, strait doth arise

A blushing lightning-flash, and blasts his eyes.

There, 'stead of rain, shall living fountains
flow ;

For wind, her fragrant breath for ever blow.

Nor now, as erst, one Sun shall on thee shine,
But those two glorious Suns, her eyes divine.

O then what Monarch would not think 't a
 grace,
 To leave his regal throne to have thy place ?
 Myself, to gain thy blessed seat, do vow
 Would be transform'd into a Rose as thou.

THE PROTESTATION.

A SONNET.

NO more shall meads be deck'd with
 flowers,
 Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers ;
 Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing ;
 Nor April violets paint the Grove ;
 If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
 And fountains sweet shall bitter turn ;
 The humble oak no flood shall know
 When floods shall highest hills o'er flow ;
 Black Lethe shall oblivion leave ;
 If e'r my Celia I deceive,
 Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
 And Venus' Doves want wings to fly ;

The

The Sun refuse to shew his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no Star appear;
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor Lovers more shall love for worth;
Nor joy above in Heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in Hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove;
If e'er I leave bright Celia's Love.

THE TOOTH-ACH CURED BY A KISS.

FATE's now grown merciful to men,
Turning disease to bliss:

For had not kind rheum vex'd me then,
I might not Celia kiss.

Physicians, you are now my scorn;

For I have found a way
To cure diseases, when forlorn

By your dull art, which may
Patch up a body for a time,
But can restore to health

No

No more than Chymists can sublime

True gold, the Indies' wealth.

The Angel, sure, that us'd to move

The pool * men so admir'd,

Hath to her lip, the seat of Love,

As to his Heaven, retir'd.

TO THE JEALOUS MISTRESS.

ADMIT (thou darling of mine eyes)

I have some idol lately fram'd;

That, under such a false disguise,

Our true loves might the less be fam'd;

Canst thou, that know'st my heart, suppose

I'll fall from thee, and worship those?

* The pool of Bethesda near Jerusalem, which was frequented by all kinds of diseased people, waiting for the moving of the Waters.

"For an Angel (says St. John) went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the Water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had."

Re-

Remember (dear) how loath and slow

I was to cast a look or smile,

Or one love-line to mis-bestow,

Till thou hadst chang'd both face and stile ;

And art thou grown afraid to see

That mask put on thou mad'st for me ?

Idare not call those childish fears,

Coming from Love, much less from thee,

But wash away with frequent tears

This counterfeit idolatry ;

And henceforth kneel at ne'er a shrine,

To blind the world, but only thine.

T H E D A R T.

OFT when I look, I may descry

A little face peep through that eye :

Sure that's the Boy, which wisely chose

His throne among such beams as those,

Which, if his quiver chance to fall,

May serve for darts to kill withal.

T H E

THE MISTAKE.

WHEN on fair Celia I did spy
A wounded heart of stone,
The wound had almost made me cry,
Sure this heart was my own :

But when I saw it was enthron'd
In her celestial breast,
O then ! I it no longer own'd,
For mine was ne'er so blest.

Yet if in highest heavens do shine
Each constant martyr's heart ;
Then she may well give rest to mine,
That for her sake doth smart :

Where, seated in so high a bliss,
Though wounded, it shall live :
Death enters not in paradise ;
The place free life doth give.

Or, if the place less sacred were,
Did but her saving eye
Bath my sick heart in one kind tear,
Then should I never die.

Slight

Slight balms may heal a slighter sore ;
 No medicine less divine
 Can ever hope for to restore
 A wounded heart like mine.

TO MY LORD ADMIRAL *, ON HIS LATE
 SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

WITH joy like ours, the Thracian
 youth invade

Orpheus returning from th' Elyfian shade,
 Embrace the Hero, and his stay implore,
 Make it their public suit he would no more
 Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake,
 His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethæan lake :
 The ladies too, the brightest of that time,
 Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb,
 Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
 Which shall the fair Eurydice succeed ;

* The Duke of Buckingham, the unhappy
 favourite of Charles I. by whom he was ap-
 pointed Lord High Admiral of England.

Euri-

Their beauties they, and we our love suspend,
Nought can our wishes save thy health intend;
As lillies overcharg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high Heaven
contend,

Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry,
He is too faultless, and too young to die:
So, like immortals, round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.

Who would not languish by so fair a train,
To be lamented and restor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,
Though to the blest? O'er young Adonis so
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious
show'r

Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flower.

The next support, fair hope of your great
name,

And second pillar of that noble frame,
By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But, step by step, pursues thee to thy grave.

And now relentless Fate, about to end
The line, which backward doth so far extend
That antique stock, which still the world supplies
With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes,

O

Kind

Kind Phœbus interposing, bade me say,
 Such storms no more shall shake that house;
 but they,
 Like Neptune and his sea-born Niece, shall be
 The shining glories of the Land and Sea,
 With courage guard, and beauty warm our age,
 And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

O N M I S T R E S S N.

T O T H E G R E E N S I C K N E S S .

S T A Y, coward blood, and do not yield
 To thy pale sister Beauty's field,
 Who, there displaying round her white
 Ensigns, hath usurp'd thy right;
 Invading thy peculiar throne,
 The lip, where thou shouldst rule alone;
 And on the cheek, where Nature's care
 Allotted each an equal share,
 Her spreading lily only grows,
 Whose milky deluge drowns thy rose.
 Quit not the field, faint blood, nor rush
 In the short fally of a blush
 Upon thy sister foe, but strive
 To keep an endless war alive;

Though

Though peace do petty states maintain,
Here war alone makes Beauty reign.

UPON A MOLE IN CELIA'S BOSOM

THAT lovely spot which thou dost see
In Celia's bosom was a Bee,

Who built her amorous spicy nest
I' th' hyblas of her either breast;

But, from close ivory hives, she flew
To suck the aromatic dew

Which from the neighbour vale distils,
Which parts those two twin-sister hills;

There feasting on ambrosial meat,
A rowling file of balmy sweet

(As in soft murmurs, before death,
Swan-like she sung) choak'd up her breath.

So she in water did expire,
More precious than the Phoenix' fire;

Yet still her shadow there remains
Confin'd to those Elysian plains;

With this strict law, that who shall lay
His bold lips on that milky way,

The sweet and smart from thence shall bring
Of the Bee's Honey and her sting.

AN HYMENEAL SONG ON THE NUPTIALS
OF THE LADY ANNE WENTWORTH*,
AND THE LORD LOVELACE.

BREAK not the slumbers of the bride,
But let the sun in triumph ride,
Scattering his beamy light;

When she awakes, he shall resign
His rays, and she alone shall shine
In glory all the night.

For she, till day return, must keep
An amorous vigil, and not sleep
Her fair eyes in the dew of sleep.

Yet gently whisper as she lies,
And say her Lord waits her uprise,
The priests at th' altar stay;

* *This Lady was the daughter of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, by his second wife, Arabella daughter of Lord Clare. Her husband, mentioned here by the name of Lord Lovelace, was Edward Watson Lord Rockingham, progenitor of the present Marquis of Rockingham.*

With

With flow'ry wreaths the virgin crew
Attend, while some with roses strew,
And mirtles trim the way.

Now to the temple and the priest
See her convey'd, thence to the feast ;
Then back to bed, though not to rest.
For now, to crown his faith and truth,
We must admit the noble youth
To revel in Love's sphere ;
To rule, as chief Intelligence,
That orb, and happy time dispense
To wretched lovers here.
For there, exalted far above
All hope, fear, change, or they to move
The wheel that spins the fates of Love ;
They know no night, nor glaring noon,
Measure no hours of Sun or Moon,
Nor mark Time's restless glass ;
Their kisses measure as they flow,
Minutes, and there embraces shew
The hours as they do pass.
O Their

Their motions the year's circle make,
 And we from their conjunctions take
 Rules to make Love an almanack.

A MARRIED WOMAN.

WHEN I shall marry, if I do not find
 A wife thus moulded, I'll create this mind;
 Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
 Beauty, or wit, shall she derive a power
 To prejudice my right; but if she be
 A subject born, she shall be so to me,
 As to the soul the flesh, as appetite
 To reason is; which shall our wills unite
 In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway
 Shall once appear, if she but learn t'obey.
 For, in habitual virtues, sense is wrought
 To that calm temper, as the body's thought
 To have nor blood nor gall, if wild and rude
 Passions of lust and anger are subdu'd;
 When 'tis the fair obedience to the soul
 Doth in the birth those swelling acts controul.
 If I in murder steep my furious rage,
 Or with adult'ry my hot lust assuage,

Will

Will it suffice to say my sense, the beast,
Provok'd me to't? Could I my soul divest,
My plea were good. Lions and bulls commit
Both freely, but man must in judgment sit,
And tame this beast; for Adam was not free,
When in excuse he said, Eve gave it me:
Had he not eaten, she perhaps had been
Unpunish'd; his consent made her's a sin.

A DIVINE LOVE.

I.

WHY should dull art, which is wise Nature's
ape,

If she produce a shape

So far beyond all patterns that of old

Fell from her mould,

As thine, admir'd Lucinda! not bring forth

An equal wonder to express that worth

In some new way, that hath,

Like her great work, no print of vulgar path?

II.

Is it because the rapes of poetry,

Rising the spacious sky

Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
 Did those dispense
 On airy creations that surpass
 The real works of Nature, she at last,
 To prove their raptures vain,
 Shew'd such a light as poets could not feign?

III.

Or is it 'cause the factious wits did vie
 With vain idolatry,
 Whose Goddess was supreme, and so had hurl'd
 Schism through the world,
 Whose Priest sung sweetest lays, thou didst appear
 A glorious mystery, so dark, so clear,
 As Nature did intend
 All should confess, but none might comprehend?

IV.

Perhaps all other beauties share a light
 Proportion'd to the sight
 Of weak mortality, scatt'ring such loose fires
 As stir desires,
 And from the brain distil salt, amorous rheums;
 Whilst thy immortal flame such dross consumes
 And from the earthy mould
 With purging fires severs the purer gold.

V. If

V.

If so, then why in Fame's immortal scrowl
Do we their names inroll,
Whose easy hearts and wanton eyes did sweat
With sensual heat?

If Petrarch's unarm'd bosom catch a wound
From a light glance, must Laura be renown'd?
Or both a glory gain,
He from ill-govern'd love, she from disdain?

VI.

Shall he more fam'd in his great art become
For wilful martyrdom?
Shall he more title gain to chaste and fair,
Through his despair?
Is Troy more noble cause to ashes turn'd,
Than virgin cities that yet never burn'd?
Is Fire, when it consumes
Temples, more fire, than when it melts perfumes?

VII.

'Cause Venus from the ocean took her form,
Must Love needs be a storm?
'Cause she her wanton shrines in islands rears,
Through seas of tears,

O'er

O'er rocks and gulphs, with our own sighs for
gales,

Must we to Cyprus or to Paphos sail?

Can there no way be given,
But a true Hell, that leads to her false Heaven?

LOVE'S FORCE.

IN the first ruder age, when Love was wild,
Not yet by laws reclaim'd, not reconcil'd
To order, nor by reason mann'd, but flew,
Full-plum'd by Nature, on the instant view,
Upon the wings of appetite, at all
The eye could fair, or sense delightful call,
Election was not yet; but as their cheap
Food from the oak, or the next acorn-heap,
As water from the nearest spring or brook,
So men their undistinguish'd females took
By chance, not choice. But soon the heavenly
spark,

That in man's bosom lurk'd, broke through this
dark

Confusion; then the noblest breast first felt
Itself for its own proper object melt.

A FAN.

A F A N C Y.

MARK how this polish'd Eastern sheet
 Doth with our Northern tincture meet;
 For though the paper seem to sink,
 Yet it receives and bears the ink;
 And on her smooth, soft brow these spots
 Seem rather ornaments than blots,
 Like those you ladies use to place
 Mysteriously about your face;
 Not only to set off and break
 Shadows and eye-beams, but to speak
 To the skill'd lover, and relate,
 Unheard, his sad or happy fate.
 Nor do their characters delight,
 As careless works of black and white:
 But 'cause you unde neath may find
 A sense that can inform the mind;
 Divine or moral rules impart,
 Or raptures of poetic art:
 So what at first was only fit
 To fold up filks, may wrap up wit.

FORMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 103

Of which many have been writing and who are

A F A N C Y.

MARK how this poet's diction is

Doth with our Northern tongue meet;

For though the paper seem to sink,

Yet it receives and bears the ink.

And in her limbo, left-brow these spots

Seem rather ornaments than blot.

Like those you ladies use to place

Mystically about your face;

Not only to set off and break

Shadows and eye-beams, but to speak

To the skill'd lover, and relate

Unheard, his sad or happy fate.

Not do their characters delight

As carols' works of black and white;

But can you undeath may find

A sense that can inform the mind;

Divine or moral rules impart

Or raptures of poetic art:

So what at first was only fit

To hold up glass, may wrap up wit.

A F A N

COELUM BRITANNICUM:

A

M A S Q U E,

AT

W H I T E H A L L,

IN THE BANQUETING HOUSE,

ON SHROVE-TUESDAY NIGHT, the 18th
of February, 1633.

THE INVENTORS,

THOMAS CAREW, INIGO JONES.

*Non habet ingenium ; Cæsar sed jussit : habeo
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat.*

COELUM BRITANNICUM:

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M A S Q U E

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On SHROVE-TUESDAY NIGHT, the 18th

of February, 1633.

THE INVENTORS,

THOMAS CAREW, INIGO JONES.

Non habet ingenium : Ceteri sed jussi : habendo
Cum me posse regere, posse etiam ille parare.

COELUM BRITANNICUM:

A M A S Q U E *

The DESCRIPTION of the SCENE.

THE first thing that presented itself to the sight was a rich ornament that enclosed the Scene; in the upper part of which were great branches of foliage growing

* MASQUE. *This species of Composition was long the favourite of the British Court, and even disputed the ground with the regular Compositions of the Dramatic Muse. Unguided by any Rules, unrestrained by any Laws, it might wander thro' the Universe for objects either new or monstrous, and where it found none it might create them. With these Powers, it was well calculated to charm the Fancy in the absence of Taste; but, as Taste established her empire in the minds of men, the MASQUE, with all its unaccountable monsters, retired.—It had its birth in Italy, about the 16th Century, when it was the fashion for every Bard*

out of leaves and harks, with a cornice * at the top ; and in the midst was placed a large compartment, composed of grotesque work, wherein were Harpies with wings and Lyons' claws, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches. Over all was a broken frontispiece, wrought with Scrowls and Masque-heads of Children, and within this, a table adorn'd with a lesser compartment, with this inscription, COELUM BRITANNICUM. The two sides of this ornament were thus ordered : First, from the ground arose a square basement, and on the

*Bard to have a world of his own Creation.
From thence it migrated, with other exotics,
cross the Channel, and found a warm Reception
in the benevolent Soil of Britain. The Poets of
Queen Elizabeth's reign, and of the following
age, were pleased with the extravagance of
the thing ; and, as they followed Ariosto and
his brethren through all the wildness of Fairy-
land, they followed them also in this, and almost
surpassed their Masters.*

* The uppermost member of the entablature
of a Column, or that which crowns the Order.

plinth

plinth* stood a great vase of gold, richly en-
 chased, and beautified with sculptures of great
 relieve†, with fruitages hanging from the up-
 per part. At the foot of this sat two youths
 naked, in their natural colours; each of these
 with one arm supported the vase, on the
 cover of which stood two young women in
 draperies, arm in arm; the one figuring the
 glory of princes, and the other manfuetude‡:
 their other arms bore up an oval, in which,
 to the King's Majesty, was this impress, a
 Lion with an imperial crown on his head;
 the words, *Animum sub pectore forti*: On the
 other side was the like composition, but the
 design of the figures varied; and in the Oval
 on the top, being born up by Nobility and
 Fecundity, was this impress to the Queen's
 Majesty, a Lily growing with branches and

* The square member which serves as a foun-
 dation to the base of a pillar.

† That part of a figure which projects much
 beyond the ground on which it is carved; called
 by Artifs also relieve.

‡ Gentleness.

P

leaves,

108 COELUM BRITANNICUM:

Leaves, and three lesser Lilies springing out of the Stem; the words, *Semper inclyta virtus*: All this ornament was heightened with gold, and for the invention, and various composition, was the newest and most gracious that hath been done in this place.

The curtain was watchet *, and a pale yellow in panes, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the Scene, representing old arches, old palaces, decayed walls, parts of temples, theatres, basilica's † and thermes ‡; with confused heaps of broken columns, bases, cornices, and statues, lying as under-ground, and altogether resembling the ruins of some great city of the ancient Romans, or civiliz'd Britons. This strange prospect detain'd the eyes of the spectators some time, when to a loud music MERCURY descends. On the upper

* Pale blue.

† Basilica's, in Architecture, are public halls with two ranges of pillars, and galleries over them.

‡ Baths.

part of his chariot stands a Cock in action of crowing. His habit was a coat of flame-colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimm'd with gold and silver : upon his head a wreath with small falls of white feathers, a caduceus in his hand, and wings at his heels : Being come to the ground, he dismounts, and goes up to the state.

MERCURY.

FROM the high senate of the gods, to you,
Bright glorious twins of Love and
Majesty,
Before whose throne three warlike nations bend
Their willing knees ; on whose imperial brows
The regal circle prints no awful frowns
To fright your subjects, but whose calmer eyes
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts,
That flow with cheerful, loyal reverence ;
Come I, Cyllenius, Jove's ambassador,
Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love into the glowing ear
Of some choice Beauty in this numerous train :

212 COELUM BRITANNICUM :

Those days are fled ; the rebel flame is quench'd
 In heavenly breasts ; the gods have sworn by
 Styx,
 Never to tempt yielding Mortality
 To loose embraces. Your exemplar life
 Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
 Of imitation through your virtuous court,
 By whose bright blaze your palace is become
 The envy'd pattern of this under world ;
 But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven :
 Th' immortal bosoms burn with emulous fires ;
 Jove rivals your great virtues, royal Sir,
 And Juno, Madam, your attractive graces ;
 He his wild lusts, her raging jealousies
 She lays aside, and through th' Olympic hall,
 As yours doth here, their great example spreads.
 And though, of old, when youthful blood con-
 spir'd
 With his new empire, prone to heats of lust,
 He acted incests, rapes, adulteries,
 On earthly Beauties, which his raging Queen,
 Sworn with revengeful fury, turn'd to beasts,
 And in despite he transformed to stars,
 Till he had fill'd the crowded firmament
 With his loose strumpets, and their spurious
 race,

Where

Where the eternal records of his shame
 Shine to the world in flaming characters :
 When in the crystal mirror of your reign
 He view'd himself, he found his loathsome stains ;
 And now, to expiate th' infectious guilt
 Of those detested luxuries, he'll chace
 Th' infamous lights from their usurped sphere,
 And drown in the Lethæan flood their curs'd
 Both names and memories : In whose vacant
 rooms
 First you succeed, and of the wheeling orb,
 In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
 With dazzling beams and spreading magnitude,
 Shine the bright Pole-star of this hemisphere.
 Next, by your side, in a triumphant chair,
 And crown'd with Ariadne's diadem,
 Sits the fair consort of your heart and throne ;
 Diffus'd about you, with that share of light
 As they of virtue have deriv'd from you,
 He'll fix this noble train of either sex ;
 So to the British stars this lower globe
 Shall owe its light, and they alone dispense
 To th' world a pure, refined influence.

Enter Momus attired in a long darkish robe, all wrought over with poniards, serpents, tongues, eyes, and ears; his beard and hair party-coloured, and upon his head a wreath stuck with feathers, and a porcupine in the forepart.

M O M U S.

BY your leave, Mortals. Good cousin Hermes, your pardon, good my Lord Ambassador : I found the tables of your arms and titles in every inn betwixt this and Olympus, where your present expedition is registered : your nine thousand nine hundred ninety ninth legation. I cannot reach the policy why your master breeds so few statesmen ; it suits not with his dignity, that in the whole Empyræum there should not be a God fit to send on these honourable errands but yourself, who are not yet so careful of his honour or your own, as might become your quality, when you are itinerant. The hosts upon the high-way cry out with open mouth upon you, for supporting plafery in your train ; which though, as you are the God of petty larceny, you might protect, yet

A MASQUE.

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yet you know it is directly against the new orders, and opposes the reformation in diameter.

MERC. Peace, railer, bridle your licentious tongue,
And let this Presence teach you modesty.

MOM. Let it, if it can; in the meantime I will acquaint it with my condition. Know, gay people, that though your Poets (who enjoy by patent a particular privilege to draw down any of the deities from Twelfth-night to Shrove-Tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar intercourse between the two courts) have as yet never invited me to these solemnities, yet it shall appear by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable person upon these occasions, and may most properly assist at such entertainments. My name is *MOMUS ap-Somnus ap-Erebus ap-Chaos ap-Demorgorgon ap-Eternity*. My offices and titles are, the Supreme Theomastix, Hyper-critic of Manners, Prothonotary of Abuses, Arch Informer, Dilator General, Universal Calumniator, Eternal Plaintiff, and Perpetual

Foreman of the Grand Inquest. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculatory, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings; behind hangings, doors, curtains; through key-holes, chinks, windows; about all venereal lobbies, sconces, or redoubts, though it be to the surprize of a perdu * page or chambermaid; in, and at, all courts of civil and criminal judicature, all councils, consultations, and parliamentary assemblies, where though I am but a wool-sack God, and have no vote in the sanction of new laws, I have yet a prerogative of wresting the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoof or prejudice of Jupiter, his crown, and dignity; for, or against, the rights of either house of Patrician or Plebeian Gods. My natural qualities are to make Jove frown, Juno pout, Mars chafe, Venus blush, Vulcan glow, Saturn quake, Cynthia pale, Phœbus hide his face, and Mercury here take his heels. My recreations are witty mischiefs, as when Saturn gelt his father; the smith caught his wife and

** Lying in wait to watch any thing.*

her

her bravo in a net of cobweb iron ; and Hebe, through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the halfpace, presented the emblem of the forked tree, and discover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the snowy cliffs of Calabria, with the grotto of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me, by the familiar illustration of a bird of mine own feather, old Peter Aretine, who reduc'd all the scepters and mitres of that age tributary to his wit, was my parallel, and Frank Rabelais suck'd much of my milk too ; but y ur modern French Hospital of Oratory is a meer counterfeit, an arrant mountebank ; for though, fearing no other fortunes than his Sciatica. he discourfes of kings and queens with as little reverence as of grooms and chambermaids, yet he wants their fangteeth and scorpions tail ; I mean that fellow, who, to add to his stature, thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tip-toes like a dog in a doubiet, than to walk like other men on the soles of his feet.

MERC. No more, impertinent trifler ;
you disturb

The great affair with your rude scurrilous chat.

What

What doth the knowlege of your abject state
Concern Jove's solemn message ?

M. M. Sir, by your favour, though you
have a more especial commission of employ-
ment from Jupiter, and a larger entertainment
from his exchequer ; yet, as a freeborn God, I
have the liberty to travel at mine own charges,
without your pass or countenance legatine ;
and that it may appear, a fedulous, acute obser-
ver may know as much as a dull phlegmatic
ambassador, and wears a treble key to unlock
the mysterious cyphers of your dark secrecies,
I will discourse the politic state of heaven to
this trim audience.——

*At this the Scene changeth, and in the heaven
is discovered a sphere, with stars placed in
their severall images ; borne up by a huge
naked figure (only a piece of drapery hanging
over his thigh) kneeling and bowing for-
wards ; as if the great weight lying on his
shoulders opprest him ; upon his head a
crown : By all which he might easily be
known to be ATLAS.*

—You

—You shall understand, that Jupiter, upon the inspection of I know not what virtuous precedents extant (as they say) here in this court, but, as I more probably guess, out of the consideration of the decay of his natural abilities, hath, before a frequent convocation of the superlunary peers, in a solemn oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced all the lascivious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepast licentious life, and taken his oath on Juno's breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd book, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets; and hath with pathetical remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoined, a respective conformity in the several subordinate deities; and because the libertines of antiquity, the ribald poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chastity, to all future imitation, have in their immortal songs celebrated the martyrdom of those strumpets under the persecution of the wives, and devolved to posterity the pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and bastards: It is therefore by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole army of constellations be immediately disbanded and cashiered

cashiered, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the cœlestial sprits, and all lustful influences upon terrestrial bodies, and consequently that there be an inquisition erected to expunge in the antient, and suppress in the modern and succeeding Poems and Pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur'd heresies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing incontinencies, and punish them in their High Commission Court. Am not I in election to be a tall statesman, think you, that can repeat a passage thus punctually ?

MERC. I shun in vain the importunity
With which this snarler vexeth all the Gods ;
Jove cannot 'scape him : Well, what else from
heaven ?

MOM. Heaven ! Heaven is no more the
place it was ; a cloyster of Carthusians, a
monastery of converted Gods ; Jove is grown
old and fearful, apprehends a subversion of his
empire, and doubts lest Fate should introduce
a legal succession in the legitimate heir, by re-
possessing the Titanian line ; and hence springs
all

all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the Presence-Chamber, by the Vice-President of Parnassus, too strict to be observed long. Monopolies are called in, sophistication of wares punished, and rates imposed on commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Nectar-Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly beverage of a narcotic weed which hath rendered the ideas confused in the divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in Saturn's reign. Edicts are made for the restoring of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the repair of families to the metropolis; but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more masculine resolution of soliciting businesses in their own persons, and leaving their husbands at home for stallions of hospitality. Bacchus hath commanded all taverns to be shut, and no liquor drawn after ten o'clock at night. Cupid must go no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoined to make him breeches, though of his Mother's petticoats. Ganymede is forbidden the bed-chamber, and must only minister in public. The gods must keep no pages, nor grooms of their chamber, under the age of twenty-

twenty-five, and those provided of a competent flock of beard. Pan may not pipe, nor Proteus juggle, but by especial permission. Vulcan was brought to an oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of iron into one of the Sun's chariot-wheels, and frost-nailing his Horses upon the fifth of November last, for breach of a penal statute, prohibiting work upon holidays, that being the annual celebration of the Gygantomachy *. In brief, the whole state of the hierarchy suffers a total reformation, especially in the point of reciprocation of conjugal affection. Venus hath confest all her adulteries, and is receiv'd to grace by her husband, who, conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allows those levities as an equal counterpoise ; but it is the prettiest spectacle to see her stroaking with her ivory hand his collied cheeks, and with her snowy fingers combing

** This alludes to the Gunpowder plot ; and was intended, with the preceding List of all the supposed Regulations in Heaven, to compliment Charles I. and his Consort on their Temperance, their Chastity, their Justice, &c.*

his

his sooty beard. Jupiter too begins to learn to lead his own wife ; I left him practising in the milky way ; and there is no doubt of an universal obedience, where the lawgiver himself in his own person observes his decrees so punctually, who besides, to eternize the memory of that great example of matrimonial union which he derives from hence, hath on his bed-chamber door and cieling, fretted with stars, in capital letters, engraven the inscription of CARLO-MARIA. This is as much, I am sure, as either your knowledge or instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without state, formality, politic inferences, or suspected rhetorical elegancies, already delivered, you may now dexterously proceed to the second part of your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly sparks up in the embers, or reducing the ethereal lights to their primitive opacity and gross, dark subsistence : They are all unriveted from the sphere, and hang loose in their sockets, where they but attend the waving of your caduce, and immediately they reinvest their pristine shapes,
and

and appear before you in their own natural deformities.

MERC. Momus, thou shalt prevail; for
since thy bold

Intrusion hath inverted my resolves,
I must obey necessity, and thus turn
My face to breathe the Thunderer's just decree
'Gainst this adulterate sphere, which first I
purge

Of loathsome monsters and misshapen forms :
Down from her azure concave, thus I charm
The Lernean Hydra, the rough unlick'd Bear;
The watchful Dragon, the storm-boding
Whale,

The Centaur, the horn'd goatfish Capricorn,
The snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar,
Diveſted of your gorgeous ſtarry robes,
Fall from the circling orb, and ere you ſuck
Fresh venom in, meaſure this happy earth :
Then to the fens, caves, foreſts, deſerts, ſea,
Fly, and reſume your native qualities.

They

*They dance in those monstrous shapes, the First
Antimasque * of Natural Deformity.*

MOM. Are not these fine companions, trim play-fellows for the deities ? Yet these and their fellows have made up all our conversation for some thousands of years. Do not you, fair ladies, acknowledge yourselves deeply engaged now to those Poets, your servants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallel with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society ? Hath not the consideration of these inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place ? But now that these heavenly mansions are to be void, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcusable ; especially since Virtue alone shall

** It is a mistake to suppose (as is generally done) that Antimasque signifies a kind of half-entertainment, or Prelude to the Masque itself. The Derivation of it is from Antick and Masque, and it means a dance of such strange and monstrous figures as have no relation to order, uniformity, or even probability.*

be sufficient title, fine, and rent: Yet if there be a lady not competently stock'd that way, she shall not on the instant utterly despair, if she carry a sufficient pawn of handsomeness; for however the letter of the law runs, Jupiter, notwithstanding his age and present austerity, will never refuse to stamp Beauty, and make it current, with his own impression: but to such as are destitute of both I can afford but small encouragement. Proceed, cousin Mercury. What follows?

MERC. Look up, and mark where the bright Zodiac

Hangs like a belt about the breast of heaven;
 On the right shoulder, like a flaming jewel,
 His shell with nine rich topazes adorn'd,
 Lord of this Tropic, sits the skalding Crab:
 He, when the Sun gallops in full career
 His annual race, his ghastly claws uprear'd,
 Frights at the confines of the Torrid Zone
 The fiery team, and proudly stops their course,
 Making a solstice; till the fierce steeds learn
 His backward paces, and so, retrograde,
 Post down hill to th' opposed Capricorn.
 Thus I depose him from his lofty throne;

Drop

Drop from the sky into the briny flood ;
 There teach thy motion to the ebbing sea ;
 But let those fires, that beautify'd thy shell,
 Take human shapes, and the disorder show
 Of thy regressive paces here below.

*The Second Antimasque is danced in retrograde
 paces, expressing Obliquity in Motion.*

MOM. This Crab, I confess, did ill become
 the heavens ; but there is another that more in-
 fests the earth, and makes such a solstice in the
 politer arts and sciences, as they have not
 been observed for many ages to have made any
 sensible advance. Could you but lead the
 learned squadrons, with a masculine resolution,
 past this point of retrogradation, it were a bene-
 fit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and
 to be payed with altars ; but that not being the
 work of this night, you may pursue your pur-
 poses. What now succeeds ?

MERC. Vice, that, unbodied, in the appetite
 Erects his throne, hath yet, in bestial shapes,
 Branded by Nature with the character
 And distinct stamp of some peculiar ill,
 Mounted the sky, and fix'd his trophies there.

As fawning Flattery in the little dog ;
 I' th' bigger, churlish Murmur ; Cowardice
 I' th' timorous hare ; Ambition in the eagle ;
 Rapine and Avarice in th' adventurous ship
 That sail'd to Colchos for the golden fleece ;
 Drunken Distemper in the goblet flows ;
 I' th' dart and scorpion, biting Calumny ;
 In Hercules and the lion, furious Rage ;
 Vain Ostentation in Cassiope :
 All these I to eternal exile doom,
 But to this place their emblem'd vices summon,
 Clad in those proper figures by which best
 Their incorporeal nature is exprest.

The Third Antimasque is danced of these several Vices, expressing their deviation from Virtue.

Mom. From henceforth it shall be no
 more said in the Proverb, when you would
 exprest a riotous assembly, that Hell, but Hea-
 ven, is broke loose. This was an arrant goal-
 delivery ; all the prisons of your great cities
 could not have vomited more corrupt matter.
 But, cousin Cyllenius, in my judgment it is
 not safe, that these infectious persons should
 wander

wander here to the hazard of this Island they threatened less danger when they were nail'd to the firmament. I should conceive it a very discreet course, since they are provided of a tall vessel of their own ready rigg'd, to embark them all together in that good ship called the Argo, and send them to the Plantation in New-England, which hath purged more virulent humours from the politic body, than Guaiacum and all the West-Indian drugs have from the natural bodies of this kingdom. Can you devise how to dispose of them better?

MERC. They cannot breath this pure and temperate air,

Where Virtue lives, but will with hasty flight,
 'Mongst fogs and vapors, seek unsound abodes.
 Fly after them from your usurped seats,
 You foul remainders of that viperous brood :
 Let not a star of a luxurious race
 With his loose blaze stain the Sky's crystal face.

Q 3

136 COELUM BRITANNICUM:

*All the Stars are quenched, and the Sphere
darken'd.*

*Before the entry of every Antimasque, the stars
in those figures in the sphere which they
were to represent, were extinct; so as by
the end of the Antimasque in the sphere no
more stars were seen.*

MOM. Here is a total eclipse of the eighth
Sphere, which neither Booker, Allestré, nor
any of your prognosticators, no, nor their great
master Tycho, were aware of; but yet in my
opinion there were some innocent and some
generous constellations, that might have been
reserved for noble uses: as the Scales and
Sword to adorn the statue of Justice, since she
resides here on earth only in picture and
effigy. The Eagle had been a fit present for
the Germans, in regard their bird hath mew'd
most of her feathers lately. The Dolphin too
had been most welcome to the French; and
then had you but clapt Perseus on his Pegasus,
brandishing his sword, the Dragon yawning
on his back under the Horse's feet, with Py-
thon's dart through his throat, there had been

a divine St. George for this nation : but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it rests only that we provide an immediate succession ; and to that purpose I will instantly proclaim a free election.

O-yes ! O-yes ! O-yes !

*By the Father of the Gods,
and the King of Men.*

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practice taken into frequent use by the princes of these latter ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, sieges, battles, victories, in picture, sculpture, tapestry, embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their public palaces ; and taken into our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmas-hanging of the Guard-Chamber of this Court, wherein the naval victory of 88 * is, to

** The defeat of the famous Spanish Armada, which Philip sent against England, and which was completely ruined by Queen Elizabeth's fleet, in 1588.*

the eternal glory of this nation, exactly delineated ; and whereas, we likewise, out of a prophetic limitation of this so laudable custom, did for many thousand years before, adorn and beautify the eighth room of our celestial mansion, commonly called the Star-chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, achievements, feats and defeats, performed in our own person, whilst yet our standard was erected, and we a combatant in the amorous warfare ; it hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation and long debate, held first in our own inscrutable bosom, and afterwards communicated with our privy-council, seemed meet to our Omnipotency, for causes to ourself best known, to unfurnish and disarray our fore-said Star-chamber of all those antient constellations which have for so many ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places such persons only as shall be qualified with exemplar virtue and eminent desert, there to shine in indelible characters of glory to all posterity ; it is therefore our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of our own free and proper motion, mere grace, and special favour,

favour, by these presents to specify and declare to all our loving people, that it shall be lawful for any person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or herself to be really endued with any heroical virtue or transcendent merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their several pleas and pretences before our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, Don Mercury, and good Momus, &c. our peculiar delegates for that affair, upon whom we have transferr'd an absolute power to conclude, and determine, without appeal or revocation, accordingly as to their Wisdoms it shall in such cases appear behoveful and expedient.

Given at our palace in Olympus, the first day of the first month, in the first year of the Reformation.

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a bunch'd back, and attired in a robe of cloth of gold.

MERC. Who's this appears?

MOM.

MOM. This is a subterranean fiend, Plutus, in this dialect term'd Riches, or the God of gold; a poison hid by Providence in the bottom of the seas and navel of the earth from man's discovery, where if the seeds begun to sprout above ground, the excrescence was carefully guarded by dragons; yet, at last, by human curiosity brought to light, to their own destruction; this being the true Pandora's box, whence issued all those mischiefs that now fill the universe.

PLUT. That I prevent the message of the Gods. Thus with my haste, and not attend their summons,

Which ought in justice call me to the place
I now require of right, is not alone
To shew the just precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortal powers,
But to exclude the hopes of partial grace
In all pretenders, who, since I descend
To equal trial, must, by my example,
Waving your favour, claim by sole desert.

If virtue must inherit, she's my slave;
I lead her captive in a golden chain,
About the world: She takes her form and being
From

From my creation ; and those barren seeds
 That drop from Heaven, if I not cherish them
 With my distilling dews, and fotive * heat,
 They know no vegetation ; but, expos'd
 To blasting winds of freezing Poverty,
 Or not shoot forth at all, or, budding, wither.
 Should I proclaim the daily sacrifice
 Brought to my temples by the toiling rout,
 Not of the fat and gore of abject beasts,
 But human sweat and blood pour'd on my altars,
 I might provoke the envy of the Gods.
 Turn but your eyes, and mark the busy world
 Climbing steep mountains for the sparkling
 stones ;
 Piercing the center for the shining ore,
 And th' ocean's bosom to take pearly sands ;
 Crossing the torrid and the frozen zones,
 'Midst rocks and swallowing gulfs, for gainful
 trade ;
 And, through opposing swords, fire, murdering
 cannon,
 Scaling the walled towns for precious spoils.

* *Nurishing.*

Plant

236 COELUM BRITANNICUM:

Plant in the passage to your heavenly seats
 These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
 Advance his desperate foot: Yet am I fought,
 And oft in vain, through these and greater ha-
 zards.

I could discover how your deities
 Are for my sake flighted, despis'd, abus'd;
 Your temples, shrines, altars, and images,
 Uncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and dis-array'd,
 By sacrilegious hands: Yet is this treasure
 To th' Golden Mountain, where I sit ador'd,
 With superstitious solemn rites convey'd,
 And becomes sacred there; the sordid wretch
 Not daring touch the consecrated ore,
 Or with prophane hands lessen the bright heap.
 But this might draw your anger down on mortals,
 For rend'ring me the homage due to you:
 Yet what is said may well express my power,
 Too great for earth, and only fit for Heaven.
 Now, for your pastime, view the naked root,
 Which, in the dirty earth and base mould drown'd,
 Sends forth this precious plant and golden fruit.
 You lusty swains, that to your grazing flocks
 Pipe amorous roundelays; you toiling hinds,
 That barb the fields, and to your merry teams
 Whistle your passions; and you mining moles,
 That

That in the bowels of your mother-earth
 Dwell, the eternal burthen of her womb;
 Cease from your labours, when Wealth bids you
 play;
 Sing, dance, and keep a chearful holiday.

*They dance the Fourth Antimasque, consisting of
 Country-people, Music, and Measures.*

MERC. Plutus, the Gods know and confess
 your power,
 Which feeble Virtue seldom can resist,
 Stronger than towers of brass or chastity:
 Jove knew you when he courted Danae,
 And Cupid wears you on that arrow's head
 That still prevails. But the Gods keep their
 throne
 To insat Virtue, not her enemies:
 They dread thy force, which ev'n themselves
 have felt;
 Witness Mount Ida, where the Martial maid *

* Pallas. *This alludes to the contest for Beauty
 between Juno, Pallas, and Venus, which was de-
 cided by Paris in favour of the latter.*

And

238 COELUM BRITANNICUM :

And frowning Juno did to mortal eyes,
Naked, for Gold, their sacred bodies show;
Therefore for ever be from Heaven banish'd.
But since with toil from undiscover'd worlds
Thou art brought hither, where thou first didst
breathe

The thirst of empire into regal breasts,
And frightedst quiet Peace from her meek throne,
Filling the world with tumult, blood, and war;
Follow the camps of the contentious earth,
And be the conq'rors slave; but he that can
Or conquer thee, or give thee virtuous stamp,
Shall shine in Heaven a pure immortal lamp.

Mom. Nay, stay, and take my benediction a-
long with you. I could, being here a Co-judge,
like others in my place, now that you are con-
demn'd, either rail at you, or break jests upon
you. But I rather chuse to lose a word of good
counsel, and intreat you be more careful in your
choice of company; for you are always found ei-
ther with misers that not use you at all, or with
fools that know not how to use you well. Be
not hereafter so reserved and coy to men of
worth and parts; so you shall gain such credit,
as at the next sessions you may be heard with
better

better success. But till you are thus reformed, I pronounce this positive sentence, that where-soever you shall chuse to abide, your society shall add no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance or total absence be matter of disparagement to any man; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemned to wear perpetual motley, unless he recant his opinion. Now you may void the court.

Pænia enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her hair started up like a Fury; her robe was of a dark colour, full of patches; about one of her hands was tied a chain of iron, to which was fastened a weighty stone, which she bore up under her arm.

MERC. What creature's this?

MOM. The Antipodes to the other; they move like

Two buckets, or as two nails drive out one another.

If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov.

Pov. I nothing doubt, great and immortal
powers !

But that the place your wisdom hath deny'd
My foe, your justice will confer on me ;
Since that which renders him incapable
Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend,
E'en in these rags, a larger sovereignty
Than gaudy Wealth in all his pomp can boast ;
For mark how few they are that share the
world :

The numerous armies, and the swarming ants
That fight and toil for them, are all my subjects ;
They take my wages, wear my livery :
Invention too, and Wit, are both my creatures,
And the whole race of Virtue is my off-
spring :

As many mischiefs issue from my womb,
And those as mighty as proceed from Gold.
Oft o'er his throne I wave my awful scepter,
And in the bowels of his state command,
When, 'midst his heaps of coin and hills of gold,
I pine and starve the avaritious fool.
But I decline those titles, and lay claim
To heaven, by right of divine contemplation ;
She is my darling ; I, in my soft lap,
Free from disturbing cares, bargains, accounts,

Leases,

Leases, rents, stewards, and the fear of thieves,
 That vex the rich, nurse her in calm repose,
 And with her all the Virtues speculative,
 Which, but with me, find no secure retreat,

For entertainment of this hour, I'll call
 A race of people to this place, that live
 At Nature's charge, and not importune heaven
 To chain the winds up, or keep back the storms,
 To stay the thunder, or forbid the hail
 To thresh the unreap'd ear; but to all weathers,
 The chilling frost and scalding sun, expose
 Their equal face. Come forth, my swarthy
 train,
 In this fair circle dance; and as you move,
 Mark and foretell happy events of Love.

They dance the Fifth Antimasque of Gypsies.

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your
 perpetual conversation with poets and philoso-
 phers hath furnished you with no more logic,
 or that you should think to impose upon us
 so gross an inference, as because Plutus and
 you are contrary, therefore, whatsoever is de-
 nied of the one must be true of the other;

as if it should follow of necessity, because he is not Jupiter, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the Gods, than to swallow such a fallacy; for though you two cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both; and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive. Therefore let me advise you to marry yourself to Content, and beget sage apophthegms and goodly moral sentences in dispraise of Riches, and contempt of the world.

MERC. Thou dost presume too much,
poor needy wretch,

To claim a station in the firmament,
Because thy humble cottage, or thy tub,
Nurses some lazy or pedantic Virtue
In the cheap sun-shine, or by shady springs
With roots and pot-herbs, where thy right
hand,
Fearing those human passions from the mind
Upon whose rocks fair blooming Virtues
flourish,
Degradeth nature, and benumbeth sense,
And, Gorgon-like, turns active men to stone.

We

We not require the dull society
Of your necessitated temperance,
Or that unnatural stupidity
That knows nor joy nor sorrow ; nor your
forc'd

Falsly exalted passive fortitude
Above the active : This low, abject brood,
That fix their seats in mediocrity,
Become your servile mind ; but we advance
Such virtues only as admit excess,
Brave bounteous acts, regal magnificence,
All-seeing prudence, maguanimity
That knows no bound, and that heroic virtue
For which antiquity hath left no name,
But patterns only ; such as Hereules,
Achilles, Theseus. Back to thy loath'd cell,
And when thou seest the new enlighten'd
sphere,
Study to know but what those Worthies were.

*Tyche enters, her head bald behind, and one
great lock before, wings at her shoulders,
and in her hand a wheel, her upper parts
naked, and the skirt of her garment wrought
all over with crowns, scepters, books, and
such other things as expresse both her greatest
and smallest gifts,*

MOM. See where dame Fortune comes ;
 you may know her by her wheel, and that veil
 over her eyes, with which she hopes, like a
 feel'd * pigeon, to mount above the clouds, and
 perch in the eighth sphere. Listen ; she begins.

FORT. I come not here, you Gods, to
 plead the right

By which antiquity assign'd my deity,
 Though no peculiar station 'mongst the stars,
 Yet general power to rule their influence,
 Or boast the title of omnipotent,
 Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Jove,
 Since you have cancell'd all those old records :
 But confident in my good cause and merit,
 Claim a succession in the vacant orb ;
 For since Astræa fled to heaven, I sit
 Her deputy on earth ; I hold her scales,
 And weigh men's fates out, who have made me
 blind

Because themselves want eyes to see my causes ;
 Call me inconstant, 'cause my works surpass
 The shallow fathom of their human reason :
 Yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispense
 With my impartial hands their constant lots,

* *Hooded. Term of Falconry.*

And

And if desertless, impious men engross
 My best rewards, the fault is yours, ye Gods,
 That scant your graces to mortality,
 And, niggards of your good, scarce spare the
 world

One virtuous for a thousand wicked men,
 It is no error to confer a dignity,
 But to bestow it on a vicious man;
 I gave the dignity, but you made the vice.
 Make you men good, and I'll make good men
 happy :

That Plutus is refus'd, dismays me not ;
 He is my drudge, and the external pomp
 In which he decks the world proceeds from
 me,

Not him ; like harmony, that not resides
 In strings or notes, but in the hand and voice,
 The revolutions of empires, states,
 Scepters, and crowns, are but my game and
 sport ;

Which as they hang on the events of war,
 So those depend upon my turning wheel.

You warlike squadrons, who in battles
 join'd,

Dispute the right of kings, which I decide,

Present the model of that martial frame,
By which, when crowns are stak'd, I rule the
game.

*They dance the Sixth Antimasque, being the
Representation of a Battle.*

MOM. Madam, I should censure you, *pro
falso clamore*, for preferring a scandalous
cross-bill of recrimination against the Gods,
but your blindness shall excuse you. Alas !
what would it advantage you, if Virtue were
as universal as Vice is : It would only follow,
that as the world now exclaims upon you for
exalting the vicious, it would then rail as fast
at you for depressing the virtuous ; so they
would still keep their tune, though you chang'd
their ditty.

MERC. The mists, in which future events
are wrapp'd,
That oft succeed beside the purposes
Of him that works, his dull eyes not discerning
The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
To his enquiring search ; so in the dark
The groping world first found thy deity,

And

And gave thee rule over contingencies,
 Which, to the piercing eye of Providence,
 Being fix'd and certain, where past, and to come
 Are always present, thou dost disappear,
 Losest thy being, and art not at all.
 Be thou then only a deluding phantom,
 At best a blind guide, leading blinder fools;
 Who, would they but survey their mutual
 wants,

And help each other, there were left no room
 For thy vain aid. Wisdom, whose strong-

built plots
 Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile
 power.

Industrious Labour drags thee by the locks,
 Bound to his toiling car, and not attending
 Till thou disperse, reaches his own reward:
 Only the lazy sluggard yawning lies
 Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
 And licks the easy hand that feeds his sloth;
 The shallow, rash, and unadvised man
 Makes thee his stale, disburdens all the follies
 Of his mis-guided actions on thy shoulders.
 Vanish from hence, and seek those ideots out
 That thy fantastic godhead hath allow'd,
 And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

3 COELUM BRITANNICUM

Hedone: *Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling face, in a light lascivious habit, adorned with silver and gold, her temple crown'd with a garland of roses, and over that a rainbow circling her head down to her shoulders.*

MERC. What Wanton's this?

MOM. This is the sprightly lady, Hedone, a merry Gamester; the people call her Pleasure.

PLEAS. The reasons, equal Judges, here alledg'd
By the dismiss'd pretenders, all concur
To strengthen my just title to the sphere.
Honour, or wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themselves no simple real good;
But as they are the means to purchase pleasure,
The paths that lead to my delicious palace:
They, for my sake, I for mine own am priz'd.
Beyond me nothing is. I am the goal,
The journey's end, to which the sweating world,
And wearied Nature tends. For this; the best
And wisest sect of all philosophers
Made me the seat of supreme happiness:
And though some more austere, upon my ruins,
Did, to the prejudice of nature, raise

Some

Some

Some petty low-built virtues, 'twas because
 They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch.
 Had they been princes born, themselves had
 prov'd

Of all mankind the most luxurious:
 For those delights, which to their low condition
 Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
 Suck'd and devour'd: From offices of state,
 From cares of family, children, wife, hopes,
 fears,

Retir'd, the churlish Cynic, in his tub,
 Enjoy'd those pleasures which his tongue defam'd.
 Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods:
 My necessary offices preserve
 Each single man; and propagate the kind.
 Then am I universal as the light,
 Or common air we breathe; and since I am
 The general desire of all mankind,
 Civil Felicity must reside in me.

Tell me what rate my choicest pleasures bear;
 When, for the short delight of a poor draught
 Of cheap cold water, great Lyfimachus
 Render'd himself slave to the Scythians.
 Should I the curious structure of my seats,
 The art and beauty of my several objects,

Rehearse

256 COELUM BRITANNICUM :

Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve
For every sense a proper constellation ;
But I present the persons to your eyes.

Come forth, my subtle organs of delight,
With changing figures please the curious eye,
And charm the ear with moving harmony.

*They dance the Seventh Antimasque of the five
Senses.*

MERC. Bewitching Syren ! gilded rottenness !
Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd
Th' enamel'd out-side, and the honied verge
Of the fair cup where deadly poison lurks.
Within, a thousand Sorrows dance the round ;
And, like a shell, Pain circles thee without.
Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their West de-
cline,

Doth to a giant's spreading form extend
Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art Pain,
Greedy intense Desire ; and the keen edge
Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread ; but still the terror
And apprehension of thy hasty end

Mingles

Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets;
 Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.
 Captains that have resisted war and death,
 Nations that over Fortune have triumph'd,
 Are by thy magic made effeminate:
 Empires, that knew no limits but the poles,
 Have in thy wanton lap melted away:
 Thou wert the author of the first excess
 That drew this reformation on the Gods.
 Canst thou then dream, those Powers, that from
 Heaven

Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the cause?
 To thy voluptuous den fly, Witch, from hence;
 There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

MOM. I concur, and am grown so weary of
 these tedious pleadings, as I'll pack up too and be
 gone. Besides, I see a crowd of other suitors press-
 ing hither; I'll stop 'em, take their petitions, and
 prefer 'em above; and as I came in bluntly with-
 out knocking, and nobody bid me welcome, so
 I'll depart as abruptly without taking leave, and
 bid nobody farewell.

MERC. These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd
 arguments,
 Urge vain pretences, whilst your actions plead,
 And,

252 COELUM BRITANNICUM:

And, with a silent importunity,
 Awake the drowfy justice of the Gods,
 To crown your deeds with immortality.
 The growing titles of your ancestors,
 These nations' glorious acts, join'd to the stock
 Of your own royal virtues, and the clear
 Reflex they take from th' imitation
 Of your fam'd court, make Honour's story full,
 And have to that secure, fix'd state advanc'd
 Both you and them, to which the labouring
 world,

Wading through streams of blood, sweats to
 aspire.

Those antient worthies of these famous isles,
 That long have slept in fresh and lively shapes,
 Shall strait appear, where you shall see yourself
 Circled with modern heroes, who shall be,
 In act, whatever elder times can boast,
 Noble, or great; as they in prophecy
 Were all but what you are. Then shall you see
 The sacred hand of bright Eternity
 Mould you to stars, and fix you in the sphere.
 To you your royal half, to them she'll join
 Such of this train, as, with industrious steps;
 In the fair prints your virtuous feet have made,
 Though with unequal paces, follow you.

Thiſ

This is decreed by Jove, which my return
Shall see perform'd; but first behold the rude
And old abiders here, and in them view
The point from which your full perfections grew.
You naked, antient, wild inhabitants,
That breath'd this air, and press'd this flow'ry
earth,
Come from those shades where dwells eternal night,
And see what wonders time hath brought to light.

Atlas and the sphere vanished; and a new scene appears of mountains, whose eminent height exceeds the clouds which passed beneath them; the lower parts were wild and woody. Out of this place comes forth a more grave Antimasque of Picts the natural inhabitants of this isle, ancient Scotch and Irish; these dance a Pyrrhick, or martial dance.

When this Antimasque was past, there began to arise out of the earth the top of a hill, which by little and little grew to be a huge mountain that covered all the scene. The under part of this was wild and craggy, and above somewhat more pleasant and flourishing. About the middle part of this mountain were seated the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland;

land; all richly attired in regal habits, appropriated to the several nations, with crowns on their heads, and each of them bearing the ancient arms of the kingdoms they there presented. At a distance, above these, sat a young man in a white embroidered robe, upon his fair hair an olive garland, with wings at his shoulders, and holding in his hand a cornucopia filled with corn and fruits, representing the Genius of these kingdoms.

THE FIRST SONG. GENIUS.

RAISE from these rocky cliffs your heads,
Brave sons, and see where Glory spreads
Her glittering wings; where Majesty,
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye
Diffusive joy; where Good and Fair
United sit in Honour's chair.

Call forth your aged priests and crystal streams,
To warm their hearts and waves in these bright
beams.

KINGDOMS.

1. From your consecrated woods,
Holy Druids. 2. Silver-floods,

From

- From your channels fring'd with flowers,
 3. Hither move ; forsake your bowers,
 1. Strew'd with hallowed oaken leaves,
 Deck'd with flags and fedgy sheaves,
 And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
 What do your duller eyes survey?

CHORUS OF DRUIDS AND
 RIVERS.

We see at once in dead of night
 A sun appear, and yet a bright
 Noon-day springing from star-light.

GENIUS.

Look up, and see the darken'd Sphere
 Depriv'd of light ; her eyes shine there.

CHORUS.

These are more sparkling than those were.

KINGDOMS.

1. These shed a nobler influence;
2. These by a pure intelligence
 Of more transcendent virtue move;
3. These first feel, then kindle love;

1. 2. From

256. COELUM BRITANNICUM;

1. 2. From the bosoms they inspire,
These receive a mutual fire;
1. 2. 3. And where their flames impure return,
These can quench as well as burn.

GENIUS.

Here the fair victorious eyes
Make Worth only Beauty's prize;
Here the hand of Virtue ties
'Bout the heart Love's amorous chain;
Captives triumph, vassals reign;
And none live here but the slain.
These are th' Hesperian bow'rs, whose fair trees
bear
Rich golden fruit, and yet no Dragon near.

GENIUS.

Then, from your impris'ning womb,
Which is the cradle and the tomb
Of British worthies, (fair sons!) send
A troop of Heroes, that may lend
Their hands to ease this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of Love.

KING.

A MASQUE.

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KINGDOMS.

Open thy stony entrails wide,
And break old Atlas, that the pride
Of Three fam'd Kingdoms may be spy'd.

CHORUS.

Face forth, thou mighty British Hercules,
With thy choice band! for only thou and these
May revel here in Love's Hesperides.

At this the under part of the rock opens, and out of a cave are seen to come the Masquers richly attired like antient Heroes; the colours yellow, embroidered with silver; their antique helmes curiously wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troop of young Lords and Noblemen's sons, bearing torches of virgin wax: These were apparelled, after the old British fashion, in white coats, embroidered with silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square collar'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them. First, these dance with their lights in their hands: After which, the Masquers descend into the room, and dance their entry.

S

The

258 COELUM BRITANNICUM:

The dance being past, there appears in the further part of the Heaven, coming down, a pleasant cloud, bright and transparent, which, coming softly downwards before the upper part of the mountain, embraceth the Genius, but so, as through it all his body is seen; and then, rising again with a gentle motion, bears up the Genius of the Three Kingdoms, and, being past the airy region, pierceth the Heavens, and is no more seen. At that instant the rock with the Three Kingdoms on it sinks, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration; but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height, could come from under the stage, which was but six feet high.

THE SECOND SONG.

KINGDOMS.

1. **H**ERE are shapes form'd fit for Heaven;
2. **H** Those move gracefully and even.
3. Here the air and paces meet
 So just, as if the skilful feet
 Had struck the viols. 1. 2. 3. So the ear
 Might the tuneful footing bear.

CHORUS.

A MASQUE.

CHORUS.

And had the Music silent been,
The eye a moving time had seen.

GENIUS.

These must in th' unpeopled sky
Succeed, and govern destiny.
Jove is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
These glorious lights. I must ascend,
And help the work.

KINGDOMS.

1. We cannot lend
Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay,
But rend'ring what it takes away.
Why should they that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?

CHORUS.

Or be to one eternal posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide?

S 2 GENIUS.

160 COELUM BRITANNICUM :

GENIUS.

Jove shall not, to enrich the sky,
Beggar the earth; their fame shall fly
From hence alone, and in the sphere
Kindle new stars, whilst they rest here.

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. How can the shaft stay in the quiver,
Yet hit the mark?

GENIUS.

Did not the river,
Eridanus, the grace acquire
In Heaven and earth to flow,
Above in streams of golden fire,
In silver waves below?

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. But shall not we, now thou art gone,
Who wert our nature, wither?
Or break that triple Union
Which thy soul held together?

GENIUS.

In Concord's pure, immortal spring.
I will my force renew,
And a more active virtue bring
At my return. Adieu!

KING-

A MASQUE.

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KINGDOMS. Adieu! CHORUS. Adieu!

The Masquers dance their main dance, which done, the scene again is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, clean differing from all the other, the nearest part shewing a delicious Garden with several walks, and parterres set round with low trees, and on the sides, against these walks, were fountains and grotts, and in the furthest part a Palace, from whence went high walks upon arches, and above them open Terraces planted with Cypress trees; and all this together was composed of such ornaments as might express a princely Villa.

From hence the Chorus descending into the room, goes up to the State.

3

THE

THE THIRD SONG.

BY THE CHORUS, GOING UP TO
THE QUEEN.

WHILST thus the darlings of the
Gods,

From Honour's temple to the shrine
Of Beauty, and these sweet abodes

Of Love, we guide; let thy divine
Aspects, bright Deity, with fair
And halcyon beams becalm the air.

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave

St. George himself, great Queen, to you ;
You'll soon discern him : And we have

A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round-table Knight, as ever fought
For lady, to each Beauty brought.

Plant in their martial hands, War's feat,

Your peaceful pledges of warm snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat

In Love's known language tales of woe ;
Say in soft whispers of the palm,
As eyes shoot darts, so lips shed balm.

For

For though you seem, like captives, led

In triumph by the foe away,

Yet on the conqu'ror's neck you tread,

And the fierce victor proves your prey.

What heart is then secure from you,

That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue ?

*The song done they retire, and the Masquers dance
the revels with the ladies, which continued a
great part of the night.*

*The revels being past, and the King's Majesty
seated under the state by the Queen ; for conclu-
sion to this Masque there appears coming forth
from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle
wind, a great cloud, which, arriving at the
middle heaven, stayeth ; this was of several
colours, and so great, that it covered the
whole Scene ; out of the further part of the
heaven began to break forth two other clouds,
differing in colour and shape ; and being fully
discovered, there appeared sitting in one of
them, Religion, Truth, and Wisdom. Religion
was apparelled in white, and part of her face
was covered with a light veil ; in one hand*

a book, and in the other a flame of fire. Truth in a watchet robe, a sun upon her forehead, and bearing in her hand a palm. Wisdom in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rays about her head, and Apollo's Cithara in her hand. In the other cloud sat Concord, Government and Reputation. The habit of Concord was carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of sticks bound together, and on the top of it a hart, and a garland of corn on her head: Government was figured in a coat of armour bearing a shield, and on it a Medusa's head; upon her head a plumed helm, and in her right hand a lance. Reputation, a young man in a purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurel on his head. These being come down in an equal distance to the middle part of the air, the great cloud began to break open, out of which broke beams of light; in the midst, suspended in the air, sat Eternity on a globe; his garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all over with stars of Gold, and bearing in his hand a serpent bent into a circle, with his tail in his mouth. In the firmament about him was a troop of fifteen Stars, expressing the stellifying

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*of our British heroes ; but one more great
and eminent than the rest, which was over
his head, figured his Majesty ; and in the
lower part a-far off was seen the prospect of
Windsor-Castle, the famous seat of the most
honourable order of the Garter.*

THE FOURTH SONG.

ETERNITY, EUSEBIA, ALETHIA, SOPHIA,
HOMONIA, DICÆARCHE, EUPHEMIA.

ETERNITY.

BE fix'd, you rapid orbs, that bear
The changing seasons of the year
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepid spheres grown dark and cold ;
Nor did Jove quench her fires ; these bright
Flames have eclips'd her sullen light :
This royal pair, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still :
Since good is here so perfect, as no worth
Is left for after-ages to bring forth.

EUSEBIA.

EUSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeal the gods adore,

ALETHIA.

My truths from human eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

SOPHIA.

Nor do their actions from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.

HOMONOIA.

And as their own pure souls entwinn'd,
So are their subjects hearts combin'd.

DICÆARCHE.

So just, so gentle is their sway,
As it seems empire to obey.

EUPHEMIA.

And their fair fame, like incense hurl'd
On altars, hath perfum'd the world.

So.

So. Wisdom, Al. Truth, Eus. Pure adoration,
Hom. Concord, Dic. Rule, Eup. Clear
reputation,

CHORUS.

Crown this King, this Queen, this Nation.

CHORUS.

Wisdom, truth, &c.

ETERNITY.

Brave spirits, whose advent'rous feet
Have to the mountain's top aspir'd,
Where fair Desert and Honour meet :
Here, from the toiling press retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing evil,
For ever in my temple revel.

With wreaths of stars circled about,
Gild all the spacious firmament,
And smiling on the panting rout
That labour in the steep ascent,
With your resistless influence guide
Of human change th' uncertain tide.

Eus.

EUS. ALE. SOP.

But oh, you royal turtles, shed,
 Where you from earth remove,
 On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,
 Those sacred seeds of Love.

CHORUS.

Which no power can but yours dispense,
 Since you the pattern bear from hence.

HOM. DIC. EUP.

Then from your fruitful race shall flow
 Endless succession.

Scepters shall bud, and laurels blow
 'Bout their immortal throne.

CHORUS.

Propitious stars shall crown each birth,
 Whilst you rule them, and they the earth.

The Song ended, the two clouds with the persons sitting on them ascend; the great cloud closeth again, and so passeth away overthwart the Scene; leaving behind it nothing but a Serene Sky. After which the Masquers dance their last dance, and the curtain was let fall.

T B

A MASQUE. 269

THE NAMES OF THE MASQUERS.

THE KING'S MAJESTY.

Duke of Lenox,	Lord Fielding.
Earl of Devonshire,	Lord Digby.
Earl of Holland,	Lord Dungarvin.
Earl of Newport,	Lord Dunluc.
Earl of Elgin,	Lord Wharton.
Viscount Grandison,	Lord Paget.
Lord Rich,	Lord Saltine.

THE NAMES OF THE YOUNG LORDS AND NOBLEMENS SONS.

Lord Walden,	Mr. Thomas Howard.
Lord Cranborn,	Mr. Thomas Egerton.
Lord Brackley,	Mr. Charles Cavendish.
Lord Shadnos,	Mr. Robert Howard
Mr. Wil. Herbert,	Mr. Henry Spencer.

A. M. S. O. U. M.

THE NAMES OF THE MASONRY.

The King's Majesty.

Duke of Lennox, Lord Melding.
 Earl of Devon, Lord Digby.
 Earl of Holland, Lord Dunsgrange.
 Earl of Newport, Lord Dunsgrange.
 Earl of Eglar, Lord Wharton.
 Viscount Cranston, Lord Fager.
 Lord Rich, Lord Salme.

THE NAMES OF THE YOUNG LORDS AND

NOBLEMAN'S SONS.

Lord Walsley, Mr. Thomas Howard.
 Lord Cranston, Mr. Thomas Fagston.
 Lord Brackley, Mr. Charles Cavendish.
 Lord Shadnos, Mr. Robert Howard.
 Mr. Will. Herbert, Mr. Henry Spencer.

S O M E

ADDITIONAL POEMS,

By the same Author.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

I.

GRIEVE not, my Celia, but with
haste

Obeys the fury of thy fate,

'Tis some perfection to waste

Discreetly out our wretched state,

To be obedient in this sense

Will prove thy virtue, though offence.

II

252 ADDITIONAL POEMS.

II.

Who knows but Destiny may relent,
 For many miracles have been,
 Thou proving thus obedient
 To all the griefs she plung'd thee in ;
 And then the certainty she meant
 Reverted is by accident.

III.

But yet I must confess 'tis much,
 When we remember what hath been,
 Thus parting never more to touch,
 To let eternal absence in ;
 Though never was our pleasure yet
 So pure, but chance distracted it.

IV.

What, shall we then submit to Fate,
 And die to one another's love ?
 No, Celia, no, my soul doth hate
 Those Lovers that inconstant prove,
 Fate may be cruel, but if you decline,
 The crime is yours, and all the glory mine.
 Fate and the planets sometimes bodies part,
 But canker'd Nature only alters th' heart.

ADDITIONAL POEMS. 273

IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.

I.

YOU, that will a wonder know,
Go with me,
Two Suns in a heaven of snow
Both burning be,
All they fire, that do but eye them,
But the snow's unmelted by them.

II.

Leaves of crimson tulips met,
Guide the way
Where two pearly rows be set
As white as day.
When they part themselves afunder,
She breathes oracles of wonder.

III.

Hills of milk with azure mix'd
Swell beneath,
Waving sweetly, yet still fix'd,
While she doth breathe.
From those hills descends a valley
Where all fall, that dare to dally.

T

IV. As

274 ADDITIONAL POEMS.

IV.

As fair pillars under-stand

Statues two,

Whiter than the silver swan

That swims in Po;

If at any time they move her,

Every step begets a Lover.

V.

All this but the casket is

Which contains

Such a jewel, as the mifs.

Breeds endless pains;

That's her mind, and they that know it

May admire, but cannot show it.

TO CELIA UPON LOVE'S UBIQUITY.

AS one that strives, being sick, and sick
to death,

By changing places, to preserve a breath,

A tedious restless breath, removes and tries

A thousand rooms, a thousand policies,

To

ADDITIONAL POEMS. 275

To cozen pain, when he thinks to find ease,
 At last he finds all change, but his disease;
 So (like a ball with fire and powder fill'd)
 I restless am, yet live, each minute kill'd,
 And with that moving torture must retain,
 With change of all things else, a constant pain
 Say I stay with you, presence is to me
 Nought but a light to shew my misery,
 And parting are as racks, to plague love on,
 The further stretch'd, the more affliction.
 Go I to Holland, France, or Furthest Inde,
 I change but only countries, not my mind.
 And though I pass through air and water
 free,
 Despair and hopeless Fate still follow me,
 Whilst in the bosom of the waves I reel,
 My heart I'll liken to the tottering keel,
 The sea to my own troubled fate, the wind
 To your disdain, sent from a soul unkind:
 But when I lift my sad looks to the skies,
 Then shall I think I see my Celia's eyes;
 And when a cloud or storm appears between,
 I shall remember what her frowns have been.
 Thus, whatsoever course my fates allow,
 All things but make me mind my business,
 you.

The

276 ADDITIONAL POEMS.

The good things that I meet, I think streams be
 From you the fountain; but when bad I see,
 How vile and curfed is that thing, think I,
 That to fuch goodness is fo contrary?
 My whole life is 'bout you, the center ftar,
 But a perpetual motion circular.
 I am the dial's hand, ftill walking round;
 You are the compafs; and I never found
 Beyond your circle; neither can I fhew
 Aught but what frft expreffed is in you,
 That wherefoe'er my tears do caufe me move,
 My fate ftill keeps me bounded with your
 love;
 Which ere it die, or be extinct in me,
 Time ftall ftand ftill, and moift waves ftam-
 ing be:
 Yet, being gone, think not on me; I am
 A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to
 name;
 But when I die, and wifh all comforts given,
 I'll think on you, and by you think on
 heaven.

20 SE 73
 F. T. N. S.